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No. 1,287.—Vol. L.

NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1880.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$4.00 YEARLY.  
12 WEEKS \$1.00.]



*T. F. Bayard*

NO. 7 — HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM DELAWARE.  
GALLERY OF POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.—SEE PAGE 207.

Read the new and powerful Serial Story, "THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS," commenced in this Number.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
63, 65 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1880.

NOTICE.

FRANK LESLIE'S PUBLISHING HOUSE,  
63, 65 and 67 Park Place, New York City, N. Y.  
P. O. Box 4121.

New York, January 17th, 1880.

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THE POLITICAL TUMULT.

THE muster of the political clans in the several States for the appointment of delegates to the National Convention of the Republican Party, which is to take place at Chicago on the 2d of June, has been attended with "faction fights" and with acrimonious charges of "fraud" which are, we believe, almost without precedent in the ranks of any of the great historical parties which have hitherto divided the country. And the acrimony of this contest within the bosom of the same political organization is emphasized by the fact that it is not inspired by any grave or overmastering public interest supposed to be represented by one wing or section of the party in a higher degree than another, but revolves almost entirely in the sphere of "personal" politics.

It ought to have been foreseen by the managers of the "third term idea" that the intrusion of such a novelty in the politics of the country would produce an effervescence at once deep and widespread. And that the agitation should take the form of personal controversy was inevitable from the consideration that the candidature of General Grant could not be championed on other than grounds personal to him, either by way of exalting him above his rivals for the Republican nomination, or by way of disparaging the claims and pretensions of his rivals in comparison with those of the ex-President. It was in flagrant provocation of this invidious spirit that ex-Senator Howe struck the keynote of the pending preliminary campaign when, in his zeal for General Grant, he warned the Republicans against "putting lighted candles into their caps, after the manner of miners, and going down into subterranean depths to quarry out a President, while the foremost man of his age stands upon the mountain-top, upon whom the eager world has set the seal of primacy."

There is an invincible repugnance in the breast of all free and democratic communities to the claim of "primacy" when arrogated, on personal grounds, in behalf of any single individual however illustrious. It was in this sentiment that the political institute of "ostracism" planted its roots among the Athenians, and it is because of the legitimate place which this sentiment has in the working of popular institutions that Grote has not scrupled, in his "History of Greece," to defend the Athenian custom as "a salutary and protective institution." To this effect he writes:

"When two party leaders, in the early stages of the Athenian democracy, each powerful in adherents and influence, had become passionately embarked in a bitter and prolonged opposition to each other, such opposition was likely to conduct one or other to violent measures. Over and above the hopes of party triumph, each might well fear that if he continued within the bounds of legality, he might fall a victim to aggressive proceedings on the part of his antagonists. To ward off this formidable danger a public vote was called for to determine which of the two should go into temporary banishment."

Republics no longer impose the penalties of a penal ostracism. But when in a republic like ours the candidature of an eminent citizen is advocated in defiance of political traditions which date from the administration of Washington; when it is advocated in the name of "a strong government" as distinct from the government defined by the Constitution and the laws, and, finally, when it is advocated on the ground of a personal "primacy" to which the world has "set the seal," it is but natural that the political jealousy which expressed itself by the institutes of democratic Athens should find expression in our country according to the institutes of democratic America.

Not by ostracism but by open debate and by confederated opposition do the people of America resist the pretensions of any citizen who is commended to them as a natural-born ruler. It would have been a sad day for the Republican Party if it had accepted with patience and resignation the humiliating position assigned to it by the champions of the ex-President's "primacy." There was something almost cynical in the assertion that the party had nothing better to offer the country than four more years of such civil administration as well-nigh ruined the party during the eight years' rule with which he has been already intrusted. The assertion was nothing less than an insult to the statesmen whom the Republican Party has reared during the long period of its supremacy, and how the insult has been resented we may read in the exciting records of the Republican State conventions, in the embittered columns of the Republican newspaper press, and in the charges of fraud, of duress and of prevarication which are so freely exchanged among the patrons and abettors of the respective candidates.

Smarting under a sense of the surprise and coercion alleged to have been practiced by the management of Senator Cameron in Pennsylvania and of Senator Conkling in New York, a portion of the delegates from these States have openly revolted against the third term programme, and thus exposed themselves to the counter-charges of "duplicité" and "dishonor." The force of the Republican sentiment, which feels itself aggrieved by the *finesse* and tactics of the third term managers, may be measured by the fact that men are found willing to brave the resentment of powerful partisan leaders and to incur the odium of broken pledges rather than lend themselves to the consummation of what they regard as a fatal policy for their party. And that it was unfair to suppress the proportional representation of Mr. Blaine in the delegations from Pennsylvania and New York by the adoption of "the unit rule" is made clear by the outcry of the Grant managers in Illinois, where the "Blaine and Washburn combination" has essayed to do on a small scale what the ex-President's supporters attempted to do on a large scale in the States we have named.

And it is out of such a hurly-burly as this that the Chicago Convention is expected to elicit and express the clear voice and the calm judgment of the Republican Party! A body of men who have exchanged among themselves the most injurious accusations, affecting a portion at least of their constituents, are called to speak with all the authority of a canonical and ecumenical council in matters pertaining to the welfare of the country! And when we remember that the Democratic Party—what with its Kelly and Tilden feuds in New York, its hard-money wing in the East and its soft-money wing in the West; its debt-payers and its open repudiators in States like Virginia and Tennessee—is not in a much better case, who can wonder that "Scratchers" and "Independents" should thrive on a spectacle like this, or that sedate men in both parties should be looking around for the "dark horse," on whose back they may hope to escape from the machinations of the men who are seeking to jockey the Presidential race?

THE DRIFT OF TRADE.

IT is not wise to ignore the fact that the foreign commerce of the country is in a much less satisfactory condition than it was one year ago. It is not long since that the precious metals were pouring into our coffers to the extent of millions every month. But matters are changing. The trade report of the Bureau of Statistics for March, recently made public, shows that the imports of coin and bullion only exceeded the exports in the sum of \$7,599. From this it would appear that flood tide has been passed and that the ebb has actually commenced.

The report of the Bureau is both interesting and instructive, and deserves more than a passing notice. Touching the precious metals, it shows that the imports for March amounted to \$1,181,782, and the exports \$1,874,183. This is a better showing than that for March, 1879, at which time the excess of exports over imports was about \$1,876,090. But at that time the tide which poured nearly \$80,000,000 into our treasuries had not commenced running. Turning to the strictly commercial portion of the statement, we discover that the imports of merchandise amounted to \$70,992,969. For the same month in 1879 the importations amounted to \$41,856,611. On the other hand, the exports for the month were \$77,350,331, as against \$66,154,745 for March, 1879. Comparing March, 1880, with the same month of last year, it will be seen that while imports have increased \$29,136,351, the increase in exports has only amounted to \$11,289,087. This difference in growth reaches the very large sum of \$17,847,264. In March, 1879, the exports exceeded imports by \$24,298,134. For the same month of the present year

there was an excess of exports over imports of only \$6,357,362. The exhibit is not a flattering one, but then it might be even worse.

It was apprehended in some quarters that the March return would show an unfavorable balance against this country in its foreign trade account. This apprehension, however, appears to have been based upon the fact that the imports at the port of New York exceeded the exports by nearly \$16,000,000. But the heavy exports of cotton from Southern cities more than counterbalanced this excess of imports, and left a balance in our favor, as stated, of \$6,357,362. Should this ratio of excess be kept up for the twelve months ending February 28th, 1881, the balance on the home side of the ledger will amount to more than \$76,000,000. But we can have no assurance that such will be the case.

In considering this trade statement it should not be forgotten that the heavy imports in March were due in a large degree to the high price of iron. The heavy advance in the price of that article enable British iron-masters to ship their surplus stock to this country. During the first quarter of the present year the foreign iron landed in our ports amounted to 467,000 tons. This activity in the iron trade led to a general quickening of business, the result of which was to create a sudden increased demand for European goods. But it is to be hoped that this call for foreign manufactures will be but temporary, and that the balance of trade, as well as of profit, at the close of the year, will be in our favor. If this hope is not to be realized, and the importations attain to a volume greater than our exports, and beyond the surplus yield of our precious metals, then the country may expect a panic and another long season of business depression. If determined to live beyond our means we must pay the bankrupt's penalty.

The total trade with foreign countries during March amounted to \$148,343,300. The same ratio for a year would show a grand aggregate of nearly \$1,800,000,000. There is no good reason why the profits of such a trade should not inure to the benefit of our own people. With the exception of raw material and such productions as are not grown or manufactured in the country, the United States requires but little from abroad. On the other hand, foreign nations actually need the products of our soil and workshops. It is our business, then, to sell all that we can find a market for, and to purchase as little as possible. It is only in this way that we can establish permanent prosperity and build up the wealth of the country.

It is time that the nonsense concerning foreign manufactures were done away with. American cotton, woolen and worsted goods are not inferior to those of British manufacture—our cotton goods are admittedly superior—and yet, as shown by the Bureau of Statistics, our importation of such articles from Great Britain for the month of March, 1880, and the corresponding month of last year, compared as follows:

Articles.	Quantities.	1880.	1879.
Cotton goods, yards.....	26,525,400	18,165,600	
Woolen cloths, yards.....	1,231,300	575,000	
Worsted stuffs, yards.....	11,583,200	7,917,200	

The United States is the great cotton-growing district of the world. American manufacturers are admittedly superior to those of England, or any other country. Notwithstanding all this, a certain class of our people prefer to use an imported article, and, as the above figures show, purchased 8,359,800 yards more of cotton goods in March, 1880, than in the corresponding month of last year.

So, too, with reference to other matters. Our fields of coal and iron ore are almost inexhaustible, but the importations of pig-iron increased from 9,792 tons in March, 1879, to 232,523 tons in March of the present year; bar, angle, rod and bolt iron increased from 715 to 23,827 tons; railroad iron from 1,184 to 43,367 tons; and unwrought steel from 1,432 tons to 11,125 tons. This is not the part of wisdom. Let an increase of this character be continued for a series of years, and it will require no prophet to foretell the end.

JUDICIAL JUDGMENT ON CRIME.

IN his address to the Grand Jury in this city, recently, Recorder Smyth made these remarks:

"At the outset of your labors, gentlemen, it is a gratification for me to be able to say to you, upon the authority of my own observation and that of other officers of this court, that there has been a steady decrease in the amount of crime committed in this city and county within the past six months. I believe, and officials of larger experience in the administration of the criminal law share my belief, that men are not naturally wicked, and that the larger part of the alarming increase of wrong-doing in this city and county during several years, ending with last Fall, was mainly due to the depression in the mercantile community and the great difficulty, often the impossibility, of securing honest employment. Want, in my opinion, rather than a natural disposition to do evil, is responsible for most of the crimes that darken the records of our criminal courts. During the last six or eight months there has been, as all of us know, a revival in every industry, and honest men are no longer tempted, in an hour of necessity, to steal. This marked decrease in the amount of crime, of late, is certainly

a matter of rejoicing to right-thinking men who have not only charity for their fellow creatures, but the fair fame of the community, at heart; and I repeat that it gratifies me to be able to congratulate you, as important representatives of your fellow-citizens, thereon."

To the student of Social Science there will be two suggestions in the above remarks, and, indeed, nearly the whole philosophy of reform is comprehended in their discussion. A mercantile depression begets want and suffering, and want and suffering beget crime. It is the wretchedness of the community then that, in the opinion of the Recorder and of others, who, like him, are placed at the best points for observation, builds and tenants our prisons, and brings to the gallows a large percentage of its victims. It is beggary, starvation and crime which are too frequently offered to men as their only alternatives; and if they accept the last it is only because they have too much strength of character to practice the first, or submit to the second. The Recorder is quite right. Ignorance, want of *savoir faire*, and a morbid tendency to crime may be important auxiliaries of want, and a few men possess criminal propensities as their inheritance; but we should have little trouble with that handful of evildoers could we reform all those whom poverty has made, either directly or indirectly, criminals.

But if commercial depressions are the cause of such frightful consequences, why do we submit to their occurrence? And if there is a class in the community to whom honesty seems to be a necessity, why do not those who are especially liable to suffer look to some more practical methods for ameliorating their condition than any yet attempted? We are very certain that commercial panics are among the most stupid and criminal follies in the history of trade, and we are about equally sure that there is a simple means of removing the main disadvantages of poverty, and bringing intelligence, contentment and virtue where there are now only ignorance, wretchedness and crime.

But we shall be asked to locate this divine Arcadia, and to indicate the road by which it may be reached. The task will not be difficult. The location is not far from our present social order, and it will be found in the simple, talismanic word—organization. The road that will carry us more directly to our objective point is only the road which is already being so happily trod by that large number of men who have learned that masses can easily accomplish results that individuals are unable to reach. Every corporation is a prophecy of the good time coming. All associations of men who, in the pursuit of some industrial or financial object and with certain chartered rights, have made themselves an aggregation of new units in the community, are teaching the principle on which the whole fabric of society must eventually rest. The "scalping process" among men must be abandoned, and give way to co-operation. We must learn that we do not enhance the value of our own estates by keeping that of our neighbor a field of sedge grass and poisonous exhalations.

There will be no occasion for panics when business men learn to support each other by the application of an easily perfected system of co-operation, and there will be no room for almshouses if the working-classes and others can be brought to discover that the best way to tax the community for charitable objects is in the first case of production. In a strictly economical point of view, it will be better to pay a little higher for the necessities and luxuries of life when the increased cost will enable us to reduce the taxes for the support of a police force by one-half or two-thirds, and abolish our institutions of charity altogether. It is very extravagant to pay out so much money as we are annually called upon to disburse for the support of paupers, the sick, the lame and the afflicted in all ways, when the only result of our sacrifice is the perpetuation of a system which fosters crime. It is worse than extravagant, too, to permit the constantly recurring checks to our material progress when, at the end of every few years, we see the almost total prostration of our industrial interests in a general panic ruin.

The world is not far from a social system as nearly perfect as the present condition of the race will permit. Let us only build upon the foundations already laid, and we shall see an edifice strong enough to defy adversity, and capacious enough to embrace within its shelter nearly all those who are now outcast and proscribed from the rolls of honorable citizenship.

ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

THE new Liberal Ministry has already succeeded in getting into trouble through the imprudence of Mr. Gladstone. In one of his electioneering speeches it will be remembered that he made some remarks about the Austrian Government which excited considerable indignation at Vienna. After the Conservatives were defeated and Gladstone had accepted the Premiership, Count Karolyi, the Austrian Ambassador in London, thought proper to remonstrate with Lord Granville, the new Secretary for Foreign Affairs, over these utterances of



Mr. Gladstone. Lord Granville thereupon assured the Count that England was most cordially disposed towards Austria, and Mr. Gladstone, not satisfied with this, sat down and wrote an apologetic letter to Count Karolyi, withdrawing or modifying all his former statements. Of course it was quite right that Mr. Gladstone should correct rash statements made in the heat of an election, and before he had any Government appointment; but England has become accustomed to a different sort of foreign policy under the Conservatives, and the Liberal Government has already suffered in the popular estimation from this retraction.

One of the first signs of this rising discontent, and an excellent example of how easily public opinion changes in England, is to be found in the defeat of Sir William Vernon Harcourt at Oxford. Vernon Harcourt, who is a prominent lawyer, and was Attorney-General under Mr. Gladstone's last administration, is well known here as the author of the famous letter signed "Historicus," and published in the London Times. He was elected for Oxford at the late general election, and was appointed Home Secretary by Mr. Gladstone. Acceptance of office in England necessitates a further appeal to one's constituents, and when Sir William ran again for Oxford he was defeated by fifty-four votes by a Mr. Hall, a Conservative, who at the general election was defeated by one hundred and twelve votes. The loss of Harcourt's debating powers in the House of Commons is a matter of little moment, for the Liberals are very strong in this respect; but the blow to the "great Liberal victory" is a severe one. He will probably stand before long for some other constituency where his election will be certain.

The affairs of the Land Leaguers and Home Rulers in Ireland are becoming more and more troublesome, and the factions into which the Irish politicians have split threaten to cause infinite annoyance in Parliament. Mr. Parnell has struck out a new programme for himself and his five-and-twenty irreconcilables. He will oppose all Governments until the entire land of Ireland is taken away from those to whom it belongs and handed over to those who wish to take it from them. He is no believer in the Tenant Right that the ordinary Home Rulers desire. There must be no need for Tenant Right, for there must be no tenants, no landlords. Strange to say, the very strength of Mr. Parnell is due to the absurdity of his proposals, for the other Irish party which has been beaten by the Parnellites was afraid to formulate this programme in its absurd enormity. Mr. Shaw, the leader of the Home Rulers, lately made a speech at Cork, in which he said that if the Liberals would make certain concessions to the Irish party, he would support all the Government measures. Until the rise of Parnell and his party, the Roman Catholic clergy gave their support to the so-called National party, but since the new crusade has been preached they have denounced Parnell and his motley crew of Communists and Fenians.

The Spanish Government is busily engaged with the affairs of Cuba. A number of persons who were formerly engaged in other rebellions have taken up arms and landed in Cuba, near Santiago, under the leadership of Calixto Garcia. Rumors of armed ships starting from the United States add to the embarrassment of the Government at Madrid, and a long, tedious and bloody struggle will most likely convulse the "Pearl of the Antilles." It was feared that the promulgation of the law giving the slaves their freedom might cause some disturbance among the negroes, but it seems to have passed off quietly. The large plantation owners do not care, as they have for a long time paid their slaves more than the law requires them to do; but persons with small incomes in the towns will suffer considerably, as they were accustomed to let out their slave service.

The outlook in Russia is daily becoming darker and less promising. The Czar, since the late attempt to blow up the Winter Palace, is in a constant state of nervous excitement, and the health of the Empress, always bad, is now so poor that her death may occur at any moment. Negotiations have been entered into with the Pope, and his Nuncio and the Russian representative are at present engaged at Vienna in discussing some arrangement. Even the army has become an object of suspicion, and Count Loris Melikoff has ordered a Cossack regiment from Moscow to St. Petersburg to do guard duty in the Palace, as the regiment which had been on service there could no longer be trusted. Meanwhile the Nihilists are unceasing in their efforts to gain their ends. The platform, which has just been published by the *Narodnaja Wola* states that, among other things, the object of the Nihilists is to wrench power from the existing Government and to give it to an Assembly elected by the freely expressed voice of the people; to obtain a radical reform of the land tenure in favor of the peasantry; to acquire universal suffrage and entire freedom of conscience, of speech, of publication, of meeting, and of electoral agitation. By themselves these objects are in no respect wrong, but so much cannot be said for the means by which it is proposed to attain them. Among the latter are to be found active propaganda and agitation; active destruction and terror; the organization of secret societies; the organization and development of rebellion. With energetic adversaries to carry out this programme, it is scarcely possible that the Czar will spend the remainder of his life in ease.

A curious performance was lately given in London when Emil Augier's drama, "l'Aventurière," was played in French by an English company. The principal female part was taken by an American, Miss Genevieve Ward. The attempt to give plays in French with an English company is ridiculous. In the first place there is no audience even in London to support a real French company, and in the next place there are no English artists who speak

French without a certain accent and awkwardness of expression. It is to be hoped that this new idea will not spread to us.

A good story is told about the Prince of Wales during his last visit to Paris. The Prince had just taken a Turkish bath, and was waiting for some of the employes to rub him down. Seeing a tall, dark man standing by, and thinking that it was one of the servants, he tapped him on the shoulder, saying, "If you are the shampooer, I am your man!" The other naked man turned angrily round, and the Prince found himself face-to-face with Don Carlos.

The revolt of the Albanians against the Turkish authority is becoming a serious matter. Albania has a population of from a million and a half to two million souls, the males being fierce and warlike, and all entertaining a deadly hatred of the Turks. They now threaten to invade Montenegro, having flatly refused to surrender to the latter the strip of territory ceded by the Berlin Congress, and the indications are that a collision cannot be avoided. If the Turkish power over the province shall be finally and utterly broken, the result will be only a just punishment of the treachery of that worst of modern Governments.

A CITY paper, which strongly favors the nomination of General Grant for President, objects to Secretary Sherman on the ground that he has a discreditable brother-in-law. One would suppose that, judged by that standard, Grant is about the most objectionable candidate who could possibly be named.

The unit-rule delegations to the Chicago Convention are compared, not inaptly, to a choice lot of live eels, so hopelessly tangled that nobody can determine which is the head and which the tail of the same eel. And it may be added that all are so slippery, it would be impossible to hold any one of them even if the head and tail question could be satisfactorily settled.

The French Government adheres to its purpose to expel all unauthorized religious confraternities. Instructions which it is now privately imparting to provincial prefects contemplate a strict compliance with the law, but no unnecessary harshness will be permitted in their enforcement. The confraternities are preparing to test the validity of the Act, and in this course they have the approval of the Catholic bishops.

The indications are that the coming season will be one of general and marked prosperity at all our prominent Summer resorts. At Long Branch, the demand for cottage and hotel accommodations is without precedent in recent years, while at other New Jersey coast resorts the promise of an increased number of visitors is especially encouraging. From Newport, Saratoga and elsewhere similarly cheering reports are made, and it is quite apparent that, with returning business prosperity, our people are disposed to enjoy themselves freely in leisurely Summer recreation.

ACCORDING to a statement recently communicated to Congress, the number of Army officers on the retired list is 397, of whom 5 are major-generals, 18 brigadier-generals, 59 colonels, 49 majors, and 132 captains. The aggregate amount paid to officers on the retired list, in service on the 31st of December last, is \$5,910,378, and the amount paid officers formerly on the retired list, but not in service, on the same date, is \$1,639,323, making the aggregate paid retired officers since the creation of the retired list \$7,549,701. Of this amount \$241,572 is paid to major-generals.

The United States District Attorney for this District has made complaint, at the instance of Collector Merritt, against fifteen steamships for carrying passengers in excess of the number allowed by law. The overcrowding of vessels carrying immigrants has been especially notable during the present season, the excess in some cases amounting to nearly 300 persons, in a total of from 1,200 to 1,500 passengers. Where it shall appear that the law has been deliberately and recklessly violated, the penalty, which is a fine of fifty dollars for each passenger, and imprisonment for a period not exceeding six months, should be promptly enforced.

The failure of Congress to provide for the maintenance of the United States Courts is already producing serious embarrassment. In this city Judge Benedict, last week, discharged the United States Court jurors, saying there was no money to pay them for further services. The District Attorney had fifty-five cases on the calendar, none of which, of course, could be called. The fund for the support of Government prisoners is exhausted, and the keepers of jails must, therefore, board them at their own present expense or turn them loose upon the community. As to the Federal marshals, they have had no pay for eleven months. The failure of Congress to act in the matter is the more inexcusable from the fact that it was officially informed two months ago of the practical exhaustion of the funds.

THE returns to the British Board of Trade show that during last year 1,032 lives were lost through railroad accidents in Great Britain. The most prolific cause of accidents was that of collisions between passenger and freight trains, of which 95 were reported. In 71 cases accidents were caused by trains leaving the track. The loss of life from causes other than accidents to trains was surprisingly large. Under this head we find that 504 people were killed, 85 of whom were passengers. This leaves a balance of 419 railway servants who were killed whilst they were

pursuing their ordinary duties. Certainly these statistics cannot be said to show that English railway management is in anywise safer or more prudent and efficient than our own, with which it is so often favorably contrasted.

The third-term managers in Chicago were badly beaten in the election of delegates to the Republican State Convention, and thereupon withdrew from the Cook County Convention and set up on their own account. They still pretend that Grant will secure the State delegation, but should he do so, his opponents will carry the question into the National Convention, and disintegration and discord in the party canvass will be inevitable. It is a notable incident of the struggle that Grant was defeated in his own Congressional district, which will send Blaine delegates to the National Convention, and Senator Logan, the chief of the third-term faction, was defeated in his own ward in Chicago. The vote of the latter at the primaries was 314 for a third term and 468 against it. The effect of the Grant bolt in Illinois is already felt in other States, where defections from his ranks are reported daily. His nomination now would mean positive defeat, and possibly the loss of his own State to the Republicans.

AMERICAN manufacturers have many reasons to be gratified with the results of the recent International Exhibition in Sydney, Australia. In a number of classes the highest awards were taken by the American exhibitors, and in one instance, that of Fairbanks & Co., scale manufacturers, a special distinction, in addition to the first prize, was recommended—a triumph which will be better appreciated when it is known that nearly all the other scale manufacturers of the world were competitors. Among the other American exhibitors who won first prizes at Sydney are William Sellers & Co., of Philadelphia, for railway turn-tables; H. Disston & Sons, Philadelphia, saws; R. Hoe & Co., of New York, printing presses; Russell & Erwin, of this city, bronze goods, and the Wamsutta Cotton Mills, of New Bedford. The H. W. Johns manufacturing company, of this city, were also awarded a prize for their asbestos felting and boiler-covering.

The belief that there is an alarming and progressive increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors in England, is not sustained by recent statistics. These statistics, supplied by an advocate of teetotalism, show that while in 1878 £142,188,900 were spent in drink, in 1879 the sum debited to the national tipping account was only £128,143,864. Thus in one year there has been a falling-off in the consumption of beer, wine, and spirits represented by £14,045,036, or, to put it in another way, the nation drank in 1879 9.8 per cent less than it did in 1878. And this diminution does not appear to have been caused by bad trade and the reduced means of the people. The returns show that in spite of bad trade there is no decline in the consumption of other articles which are just as much "luxuries" as beer or whisky. In fact, an increase in the consumption of non-intoxicating luxuries has been going on side by side with the decrease in the use of intoxicants.

The work which is being done for the reformation of the sea-going classes by the American Seamen's Friend Society is strikingly exhibited in the last annual report of that organization. The special effort of the society is to reach and influence seamen, not only in port, but abroad upon the seas, wherever wind and wave may carry them. To this end, they are liberally supplied with reading matter of a useful and entertaining character. Last year, 866 libraries were sent out on vessels carrying 12,171 men, making the total number of new libraries sent out since the work was begun, twenty-two years ago, 6,799, containing 376,472 volumes, and accessible through frequent reshipments to 266,466 men. The libraries shipped in the United States Navy have reached the number of 913, and these have been accessible on different vessels to 104,058 men. The sailor, exposed to peculiar hazards and temptations, has special need of the sympathy and help which this Society seems to afford, and the statement of the results of its labors should command for it a larger interest than has been heretofore manifested in commercial quarters.

The progress already made by the Metropolitan Museum of Art may fairly be accepted as prophetic of greater achievements still to come. In the brief period of ten years the Museum has acquired a size and character which many older institutions were five times as long in attaining; it has a building thoroughly furnished and equipped, and is so rapidly growing that, liberal as is the space at its command, thousands of interesting objects are necessarily stored away out of sight for want of room properly to display them. Its possessions include the second Ctesia collection, the Avery collection of Oriental porcelain, and a choice collection of old Venetian glass presented by Mr. Henry G. Marquand. The latter is the first collection of the kind ever made in America, and it is hoped that it will form the nucleus for an exceedingly valuable exhibit. The same gentleman has also presented the Museum with a collection of ancient American pottery vases from the homes of the mound-builders. There are now two art-schools in connection with the Museum—one of general drawing and one in metal-work. A building to be used as an art-school will be erected on First Avenue by Mr. Richard T. Auchmutz, who will also for three years defray the expenses of a technical school, all under the direction of the trustees of the Museum. The running expenses of the Museum last year were \$20,553.

## NEWS OF THE WEEK.

## Domestic.

THE Columbia College Law School last week graduated 175 students.

FIVE steamers landed 4,836 immigrants at Castle Garden, May 12th.

THE Government receipts during May have averaged over \$1,000,000 daily.

At the term of the United States Supreme Court just closed 404 cases were disposed of.

POSTMASTER JAMES, of this city, has declined to have his name presented for the Postmaster-Generalship.

THE village of Stuyvesant, New York, was entirely destroyed by fire May 13th. The loss is stated at \$300,000.

A STRONG organization has been formed, with headquarters in Denver, for the purpose of invading the Ute Indian Reservation.

FOUR men were killed and six others seriously injured by the explosion of a boiler in an iron mill at Rome, New York, May 10th.

HON. E. B. WASHBURN still insists that he is for Grant for President. His friends in Chicago evidently have other information.

THE Florida Republicans have nominated ex-Senator S. B. Conover for Governor and William M. Ledwith for Lieutenant-Governor.

THE House of Representatives has passed the Legislative Appropriation Bill, and rejected a proposition looking to the introduction of a Bill for tariff reform.

THE Michigan, West Virginia and Nevada Republicans have elected Blaine delegations to the Chicago Convention. The Florida delegates are instructed for Grant.

A TOTAL of 11,628 petitions have been presented Congress during the present session. Of these, 3,515 are in favor of tariff reform, and 1,755 relate to commerce.

THE Vermont Greenbackers held a convention of fifty delegates last week, elected ten delegates to the Greenback National Convention, and passed resolutions of the usual tenor.

SENATOR WADE HAMPTON, of South Carolina, last week, made an able argument in the Senate against the reopening of the Kellogg case. Senator Pendleton spoke on the same side.

THE General Term of New York has decided unanimously that burial cannot be claimed for Denis Coppers in his plot in Cavalry Cemetery (Catholic) because he was a Freemason.

THE contested election case of Curtin against Yocum was settled by the House, May 11th, by a vote declaring Yocum entitled to the seat—twenty-two Democrats voting with the Republicans.

THE Rev. Drs. J. M. Reid and C. H. Fowler have been elected missionary secretaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Rev. A. J. Kynett has been re-elected corresponding secretary of the Church Extension Society.

THE Donovan-Rooke prize-fighters and their followers attempted to land at Port Dover, Ont., on May 11th, but were prevented by the Canadian authorities, both military and civil. They, therefore, returned to Buffalo.

THE constitutional amendment extending the suffrage to women has passed the New York Senate. The Schroeder charter for Brooklyn has been recommitted, with instructions to amend it in a manner which destroys all its intended effect.

A PRIVATE letter received at Washington from Nicaragua says the Congress of that country has been called to meet to ratify articles granting concessions to a canal company organized under the plan described by Admiral Ammen some months since.

THE town of Milton, Pa., was nearly destroyed by fire on May 14th. It is estimated that 400 buildings were destroyed, including all the churches. Three thousand people are homeless. Governor Hoyt has appealed for aid. The loss to property is estimated at between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000.

THE Methodist General Conference, in session at Cincinnati, last week, adopted a resolution approving the conduct of Mrs. Hayes in upholding temperance principles in the Presidential household. The Conference also adopted a resolution approving the project of holding an ecumenical council in London in August, 1881.

On the night of May 12th a shaft of the Lumberman Mining Company's Ludington Iron Mine, eight miles from Norway, Mich., caved in, burying alive sixteen miners. The shaft was fifty deep, and contained five feet of water. Three miners who were working directly at the bottom of the shaft were taken out dead. The others, who were working in drifts, were taken out alive.

AN infernal machine, sent by mail from Philadelphia, exploded May 12th in the hands of Mr. Hipolito de Uriarte, the Spanish Consul-General at New York. Fortunately it had been clumsily constructed, and inflicted merely a severe wound on his left hand, in which Mr. de Uriarte held it. He ascribes the attempt on his life to some Spanish criminal whom he has prosecuted officially.

THE 112th anniversary dinner of the Chamber of Commerce was served at Delmonico's May 11th. Secretary Sherman, Mayor Cooper, Judge Davis, Dr. Storrs, the Rev. Mr. Collier, Congressman Wood, Mr. Seth Lowe, Alderman Marshall and others made speeches. President Babcock, who is ill, sent a pleasant letter. The annual report of the Chamber is just published. Its statistics show the unparalled prosperity of the country and the report discloses the danger arising with that prosperity.

## Foreign.

MR. PARNELL is to have a reception by the Irish organizations in London.

THE Marquis of Ripon, the new Viceroy, and his staff left London for India May 13th.

THE condition of the Czarina is reported to be much less hopeful, and she is greatly prostrated.

M. ROUSSEAU, a member of the Paris Bar, has been elected to the chair in the Academy made vacant by the death of M. Jules Favre.

ENGLISH reports state that the volume of immigration for May will exceed that of April, when 29,401 passengers left Liverpool.

THE committee of the House of Commons, to whom was reported the case of Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, will report adversely on his claim to affirm instead of taking oath.

FIFTEEN acres of firs in the Forest of Fontainebleau have been burned. The fire was caused by the carelessness of a smoker. None of the old picturesque trees suffered.

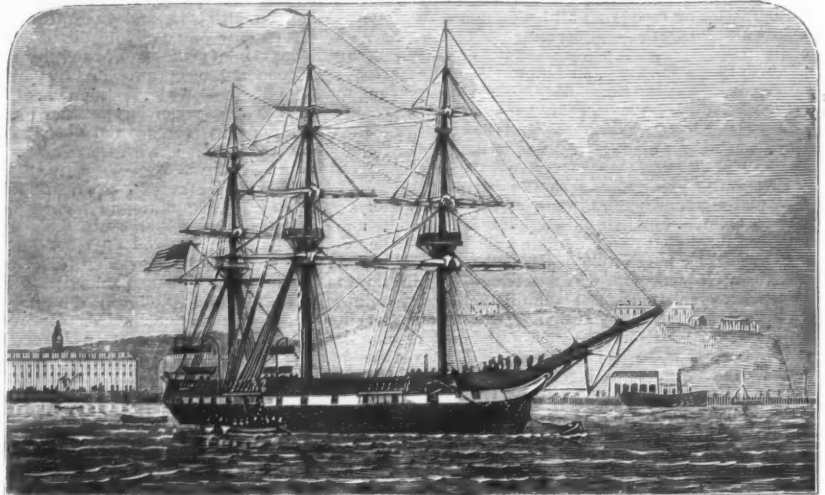
ABOUT 12,000 factory operatives of Blackburn, England, are on strike. In all 43,807 looms are stopped and there is a good deal of alarm as to the probable results of the strike.



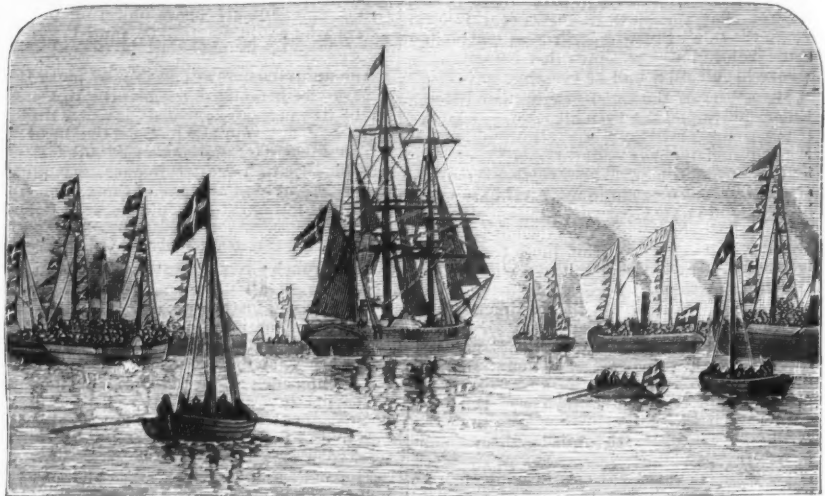
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 207.



GERMANY.—AN EASTER EGG FROLIC AT BAUTZEN.



IRELAND.—THE U. S. S. "CONSTELLATION" OFF HAULBOWLINE, CORK HARBOR.



SWEDEN.—PASSAGE OF THE "VEGA" THROUGH THE SOUND TOWARDS STOCKHOLM.



SPAIN.—PRISONERS CHANTING THE LAST PRAYERS BEFORE THE EXECUTION OF OTERO.



SPAIN.—VIEW OF THE VILLAGE FAIR NEAR SEVILLE.



ENGLAND.—MARRIAGE OF THE PRINCESS FREDERICA OF HANOVER TO BARON VON PAWEL-RAMMINGEN, IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL OF WINDSOR CASTLE.





OUR APPROACHING ROYAL GUEST—H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD, K. G., K. T.,  
YOUNGEST SON OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

#### H. R. H. PRINCE LEOPOLD.

LEOPOLD GEORGE DUNCAN ALBERT, K. G., K. T., Duke of Saxony, Prince of Coburg and Gotha, the youngest son of Queen Victoria, who is now on his way for a visit to Canada and the United States, was born April 7th, 1853. Owing to feeble health, Prince Leopold has been unable to win popularity by frequent appearances in public, but

nature, as if to compensate him for bodily weakness, endowed him, more than any of his brothers, with his father's thoughtful and scholarly habits of mind, and the modified form of university life which he passed at Oxford seemed exactly suited to his genius and temperament. His slight form was constantly seen in the lecture-hall, at the debating club, and at the musical gathering. In the last of which, whether as an instrumentalist or vocalist,

he was, like his late father, qualified to render no mean assistance. Should his life be spared, and should improved health accompany the full attainment of manhood, it seems highly probable that the peculiar excellences of Prince Albert's career will be reproduced in that of his youngest son. The young Prince will be accompanied on his travels by his constant friend and confidant, Hon. Alec Yorke, and his private medical attendant, Mr.

Rhyl. The party will first go to Canada, staying for a short time with the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. Prince Leopold has often promised the Princess to pay her a visit at her Canadian home, but he has not hitherto been able to carry out his wishes. Since the accident to the Princess, Prince Leopold has become anxious about his favorite sister's health, and is more than ever desirous of seeing her. From Ottawa the Prince and



GEO. B. ROBERTS, PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY F. GUTEKUNST.—SEE PAGE 207.



NEW JERSEY.—A SCENE ON OYSTER CREEK DURING THE RECENT FIRE IN THE PINE AND CEDAR FORESTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY JAMES L. DARBY.—SEE PAGE 211.



his suite, as at present arranged, will come to the United States; go West, touching at St. Louis, Chicago; and then to Cincinnati, returning by way of Washington to New York, which city His Royal Highness is particularly eager to see. The Prince will reach Newport in the season. It has been resolved to abandon the original intention of visiting California. It was the first intention of Prince Leopold to be away on this tour some twelve months, but he has limited the duration of his absence to about four months. Much will depend upon the condition of his health, which the tour will, it is hoped, materially strengthen. Prince Leopold, in undertaking this tour, is actuated by no other desire than that of seeing the New World and gathering fresh experiences by the way.

## THE SCHAFFUSKIE LANDS.

By ANNIE DUFFELL,  
Author of "In the Masher," etc.

### CHAPTER I.—A CHILD OF FATE.

OUR scene is that most fashionable of English watering places—Brighton Beach. The tranquil waters of the Channel stretch afar off and meet the distance; along the beach stroll a few stolid Britons—it is an unfashionable hour; overhead glimmers the sunny radiance of a Summer day, though in the west are gathering dark clouds that will soon vanquish the treacherous sun. But madly indifferent to these tokens of approaching storm, a man stands motionless upon the sands—a man with a slim, courtly figure. His face is peculiarly striking, strong, dark, powerful, with a chill, haughty beauty that has been detrimental to the heart of more than one court belle; features straight and dusk, eyes black as sloes, and mouth with deep, firm lines—a mouth that can grow cold and pitiless in a desperate resolve, a brutal lust, or smile with the sunny, sensuous sweetness of a woman. It is a face filled with ice and hauteur, yet one that bespeaks fierce, swift passions beneath the frigid exterior—the face of a man whose mistress is Power, who disdains love as the plaything of fools; who looks upon all men as clay to be fashioned to his purpose—strong, dominant, unyielding.

He stands now motionless as a bronze statue, his gaze fixed upon a French *bonne* and her charge, who, a short distance off, are engaged in a fierce altercation. It has been waging for an hour, and for that same length of time has he stood and watched. He sees that the child is the incarnation of human stubbornness. She stands firmly in the sands like a small rock, a cool, resolute, disdainful light in her small face, while her French enemy threatens, expostulates and beseeches. Somehow his sympathies have gone over to the woman; the child's attitude is aggressive and rouses in him a corresponding spirit of determination. There is something in his nature to which triumph and power are essential, and he is keenly alive to an insane desire to subdue the steady will, the tempestuous spirit of the small foe. The rain, now commencing to fall—the clouds having by this time obscured the sun—gives him a pretense for interfering. With tightly-closed lips he joins his belligerent companions. The Frenchwoman, almost reduced to tears, breaks into a long harangue, assisted by a vigorous pantomime which is intended to petition his assistance. The child stands mute and defiant, a dogged pride, a spirit of fierce rebellion in her countenance, while the *bonne* continues to traduce her.

The truth of the matter is, they are both to blame—perhaps the woman is a trifle more in fault. Yet, despite the keen, subtle intellect of the statesman, the man is firmly persuaded that the *bonne* is the one who, by right of the injured party, should demand his sympathy.

"Will you give me your version of the story?" he says, at last turning to the child. But the thin, beautifully-shaped lips are mute as stone, thereby ratifying the bond of silent enmity that has come between them.

Into the stormy nature of the small culprit with its hidden intricacies has entered a sudden fierce hatred of this man, who confronts her in his superior calm; her tiny hands clench and her breast heaves. This may be caused by that swift, keen instinct—possessed to a remarkable degree in one so young—which appraises her of his unfriendly judgment. For himself, he is remarkably influenced by so trifling a circumstance. He tells himself that for him, with his worldly distinction and in the full crown of a free and haughty manhood, there should be nothing attractive in the dispute of a tyrannical nursemaid and an ungovernable child. Yet in some strange, unaccountable way he is attracted, and in his breast are sown the bitter seeds of a weary, life-long feud. And as she stands before him now in her brief years, so may there come a time in the distant future when she shall again confront him, awaiting his judgment. And as he renders it now unjustly, trifling as is the circumstance, so may he also, in that greater matter which shall govern their lives, again condemn her in injustice.

There are times in every life when the higher, finer portion of its nature asserts itself through a vague consciousness of things to come, as if the impenetrable curtain of the future were rolled briefly aside; but such glimpses, such convictions, are invariably attended with indefinable forebodings. Something of this peculiar sensation has fastened upon the man as he studies the child. She is, he should judge, between eight and ten years old. Her head is beautifully shaped; her hair wondrous long, silken, and of a peculiar dead-gold hue; her features straight and perfect like chiseled stone, her limbs lithe and replete with a stag-like grace. But it is her eyes that startle him, holding him almost powerless in his wondering admiration. They are dark, deep and lustrous, with the liquid beauty of a beast, irradiated with the proud, grand, fearless soul of a martyr. Large and mysterious, they yet hold a spirit which, at the completion of its strength, could go through

flames to attain its goal. In that small, fierce, upturned face misfortune is written plainly; he sees it even while that spirit of strife and a half-brutal thirst for power—not over the child, but that spirit that shines forth through her eyes—fasten upon him never to be appeased.

The rain increases. In the face of the *bonne* is a terror of anxiety for her smart attire. She looks beseechingly at her adversary.

"Come, mademoiselle," she says, relaxing into a tone of treacherous sweetness, "come, *ma chère, bon enfant*, we shall go now, *chère*; it do rain so!"

"That's very well done—very well," sneers the relentless enemy; "but a moment ago, before he came," jerking her head towards the motionless man, "I was a *beast*, a little devil!" It is the first time that she has spoken. Her voice is clear, sharp, defiant, yet even now through it vibrates a flute-like Grecian sweetness that, as her years increase, may develop into a melody more alluring than the siren on her Caprian shore.

"It is raining, and the shower has but begun," he says, in that chill, powerful voice that few have ever had the courage to resist. "You must either permit me to call a carriage or seek shelter for you around here."

She deigns no reply; but with one swift, defiant flash from her half-closed, treacherously-indifferent eyes, she deliberately sinks down upon the sands, and in a thousand little ways signifies her intention of making a prolonged stay.

The thunder and lightning are intense—the heavens threatening a deluge. The Frenchwoman bursts into tears—only partly genuine—and the man looks undecided. But it is a situation that demands speedy action. A short distance off is an ornamental beach-house; to this edifice he turns his hopes of refuge. Glancing towards it, he says to the maid: "Run!" and she does run, with a swiftness that for a moment holds him amazed. Then he turns to that mite of rebellion in the sands. Without one word, and to her everlasting mortification, he gathers her up as if she were a wet rag, and with almost as great a display of undignified haste as the woman, speeds to the shelter. When he gains the refuge he places his burden upon a bench with an amused smile, which, it is needless to say, in her present white heat she fails to return.

Time passes. A supreme silence inwraps them. The maid stands in one corner, in a thoroughly damp and degenerate condition, for, although shielded from the full force of the rain, a still breeze blows from the sea, bearing with it an unpleasant and detrimental moisture to those prizing outward adornment. The child sits mute and motionless as stone, never by any chance permitting her gaze to rest upon the man whom she considers her mortal enemy. Regarding her closely, he observes that a bluish tinge is creeping around her lips, and that a shiver occasionally convulses her small form.

If her straight and perfect features had allowed any doubt as to her extraction, he would have confirmation strong as to her nationality in this marked susceptibility to the slight chill in the atmosphere brought with the rain. Her Greek blood speaks out in this as in her perfect loveliness. This delicate organization is incomprehensible to him, with his knowledge of Russian Winters and icy climates, yet he takes off his coat and folds it around her. She submits, but never deigns to notice him.

And now the strength of the shower is spent. The rain begins to show some indecision; the clouds hurry across the heavens, as though to get out of sight, and the sun condescends to show itself. So, after all this row, the elements subside and nature adjusts herself, and the second deluge is still in the future. But the amount of mischief it has done the poor, drenched Frenchwoman is appalling, and she gazes in despair at her washed-out condition.

The man regards his charges in some perplexity. Just then, coming down the beach-track which leads by their retreat, he sees a carriage. The horses step daintily on the wet sand, the harness gleaming proudly in the friendly sun. The coachman sits erect in an aggravating state of dryness, so does and is the footman. The top of the carriage is thrown far back, and upon the soft cushions reclines a lady in the daintiest of dry attire, holding above her head a costly trifle of a parasol.

Coming as it does after this severe wetting, it is a sight calculated to inspire envy in the soul of a saint—provided that saint stood in very moist garments, with streams of water that claimed their source from the dripping crown of his degenerate hat, terminating in ornamental pools at his heels. And in gloomy discontent—for once united in one common cause—the trio regard this peculiarly exasperating spectacle as it advances with stately precision. As it reaches them his companions suddenly become galvanized, and, rushing out, intercept the carriage. Then follows a shrill war of words from the maid, while the lady leans forward in her carriage attentive and contemplative, anon giving vent to feminine exclamations of horror at the moist condition of her companion. Again the Frenchwoman is evidently successful, for that lovely apparition in silk and lace grows more and more shocked, and a perfect shower of reproachful glances are directed to the child.

"What is to become of you?" she gasps, raising her jeweled vinaigrette. "You are a very, very naughty girl not to obey Celeste!" and, conscious that she has discharged her duty, she sinks back in the carriage, motioning the pedestrians to enter.

"Celeste is a nasty, vile thing," cries the child, in a sudden, stormy burst of passion. "She tells lies—you know she does, Gypsy—yet you believe her against me."

Without the slightest attention to the child, the maid resumes her narrative in an undertone, at the termination of which the soft, blue

eyes of "Gypsy" are raised to contemplate the slightly embarrassed and wholly uncomfortable stranger.

"So kind of you," says the sweetest voice in the world. "This naughty girl gets us into so much trouble. Celeste has explained, and I never can thank you. Won't you let me pick you up and drive you home? It would be such a pleasure. And are you not very uncomfortable?"

This last remark, made with an innocent expansion of the blue eyes, does not tend to soothe the ruffled temper of the coatless stranger. To the contrary, he is instantly seized with the conviction that he is looking infinitely worse than is the actual case. Battling with a fierce desire to wipe away a huge drop of water which, with offensive familiarity, persists in adorning his nose, he manages to lift his wet and limp hat—does it, too, with such a courtly grace, despite the depressing influence of his surroundings, as to complete his captivation of the lovely woman.

He thanks her in a few words, declining her kindness, and the observant woman speedily notes that his speech is broken with a charming accent; then, as they drive off, gets into his discarded coat with something like a curse, and starts down the beach towards his hotel.

### CHAPTER II.—"A WOMAN WITHOUT VICES."

"WHO is that lady?" The somewhat eager question comes from the Russian Ambassador as he and his friend, a young English lord, stand viewing the brilliant spectacle presented by the ballroom of the most fashionable hotel of Brighton. The interest in the usually cold, inflexible tones causes the Englishman to crane his neck and gaze in the direction indicated. Then he says, with a start:

"That! Why—well, upon my soul! Have you been in England two weeks and don't know her yet? Why, man, that's Jack Ashhurst's wife."

"Still, after this very lucid explanation," says the Russian, "I am bound to say that I have no more knowledge of Jack Ashhurst and his wife than I have of the man in the moon."

"And been in Brighton four days," ejaculates the astounded Briton. "By gad! I thought I introduced you long ago. Lady Ashhurst is the greatest belle of the season. She took the world by storm five years ago, when Jack brought her home his wife, and has never relinquished her throne. Never knew much about her antecedents, but a beauty like hers is a more powerful backer than fifty grandfathers. Jack used to travel a good deal, and he picked her up abroad somewhere. She is the loveliest creature alive. Not a man in the set but has been dead gone on her, and is even now her slave." The faintest shadow crosses the fine frank visage of the speaker, showing that he is one of the slain of Jack Ashhurst's wife. "She's fashionable but not heartless, good-natured but not a fool; her greatest enemy could never call her a prude, yet in the five years that she has queened it over society, against her a word of scandal has never been whispered. She's a wonderful woman."

"Truly, most wonderful," remarks he who has listened to this category of virtues, and his voice holds a suspicion of chill sarcasm. "But she would be much more interesting—more on a level with us, you know—if of her you had a few vices to relate."

"Sorry I can't oblige you," says Chetewood, nonchalantly, all traces of that deeper feeling which still clings to him amid his worldliness vanished. "She's not a woman with vices—is Jack Ashhurst's wife."

"Then she deserves extinction," observes the foreigner. "A woman with an exemplary (outward) life, with an unimpeachable character, is fit to be translated. Another thing, my dear fellow, you will generally find such people hypocrites and terribly disagreeable!"

In a moment Lord Chetewood is a lively purple, and his eyes flash with genuine indignation.

"Disagreeable—Lady Ashhurst!" he cries, wrathfully. Then overcome with the idea he throws back his handsome blonde head and bursts into a laugh. "What rank heresy!" he says, when he can speak; "but you will be punished for it. I give you one week to be madly, desperately in love with Lady Ashhurst. It is the fate of every man who goes near her;" unconsciously Chetewood's tones grow gloomy. "Disagreeable! She is ravishing, entrancing, that is all!"

The thin lips of the "heretic" curl in just the slightest sneer, while his eyes grow chill and contemptuous. Strong, indeed, must be that emotion kindled by a woman that can thaw the icy barriers that this man has set up in his soul between himself and all semblance of weakness.

"And what of Jack Ashhurst?" he says, refraining, through some unaccountable cause, to mention his meeting with Lady Ashhurst upon the beach in the morning, when he endeavored to save her child and her maid from a wetting.

"Jack is a peer; but, Lord! nobody ever thinks of giving him his titles, though they are the proudest in the land. He's no end of a good fellow. If it were anybody else, the husband of Lady Ashhurst would have been killed long ago; but, gad! one couldn't hate Jack. To save his soul he couldn't scare up an enemy. He's got lots of money—one of the biggest fortunes in England; but he don't go in much for society, though the freedom he allows his wife is simply marvelous. She has her house in London; he his shooting-boxes all over the country, and everybody's welcome. His wine-cellar—there isn't its equal in England; and his horses are known pretty much all over the continent. He is a handsome, jolly, hail-fellow-well-met sort of a dog, with a heart as big as his purse. But—"

"Well," says the foreigner, questioning. "To his intimate friends," continues Chetewood, slowly, "it is pretty well known that Jack is growing too fond of his cups. Pity! He's the most enviable man I know; lives on the best terms with his wife, whom he is a deal fonder of than his best horse, which is saying a good deal. And she's as fond of him as he is of her, though he's old enough to be her father. She isn't a day over twenty."

Again that chill cynicism flashes into the deep eyes of the foreigner, but he is silent, looking steadily at the object of their discussion. The dance has ceased, and she stands but a short distance removed from him. In stature she is slender and exceedingly graceful. She is beautiful, radiant! Her hair is soft brown, rich; complexion dazzlingly white, with a rare, deep color in her cheeks that her bitterest enemy could never call artificial; eyes long, almond-shaped, but unlike eyes of that characteristic, a wondrous azure, like the blue skies above; mouth full, beautiful, with a suggestion of sensuality in the ripe, red lips, around which are also lines that, to this man, with his almost unnatural swiftness in reading human nature, indicate weakness of some kind in the hidden and unknown soul of this woman.

Yes, she is beautiful—dangerously so; with a soft, slumbering, sensuous grace that he well knows must be maddening to the unhappy rivals of Jack Ashhurst. Yet it is not a beauty that could imprison his soul in its thralldom. Despite the eulogies lavished upon her by her admirers, the lady does not impress him favorably. She may be fascinating and irreproachable; she may be perfection, as was so recently ardently affirmed, still, there is that line of weakness in her face, now partially concealed by the matchless witcheries of youth, which he would not have in the face of any woman he would make his wife. He looks at the soft shining of her azure eyes, at the full, rich lips, at the sweeping, sensuous contour of her rounded throat. Yes, she is ravishingly beautiful; but as she is now set apart from other women by right of her matchless loveliness, so may there come a time when she will be distinguished from others by a deeper, deadlier brand than the mere title of her transcendent beauty. Then, too, he does not, as a rule, like women without origin.

As he gazes at her, standing in her shining robes and youthful witchery, slowly but surely deepens upon him the conviction that, though she is beautiful as an angel, she is totally lacking in moral grandeur; that there is in her nature no standard of high principle, no upreaching of the spirit, no wonderful capabilities of soul-power; but, to the contrary, a moral cowardice—as yet, perhaps, undeveloped—united to that terrible weakness—the hidden phase of her character of which he has that great and nameless horror.

Then, in sudden contrast to her own, flashes across his memory the vision of a pair of eyes, deep with the glory of martyrdom, the spirit of abnegation, the strength of a wondrous power, though still slumbering. Suddenly he turns to his companion.

"Is there not a child connected with them?" he says, carelessly.

"Yes, Lady Ashhurst, or Gypsy, as her intimate friends are permitted to call her, adopted one soon after her marriage, I believe. She is very fond of her and couldn't treat her differently if she were her own by blood instead of law."

After this they both wander off, and it is noticeable that the foreigner makes no request for an introduction to Clair, Lady of Ashhurst.

### CHAPTER III.—HE IS INTRODUCED TO JACK ASHURST'S WIFE.

"LORD CHETWOOD, who is that gentleman whom I saw you talking to a little while ago?" says Jack Ashhurst's wife to the young peer, whom she has made superlatively happy by consenting to dance with him twice in succession.

"That," says Chetewood, airily, "oh—he's the great Russian lion, Toboskie."

Gypsy gives a start and her eyes sparkle. "What! that Count Toboskie, the Russian Ambassador?" she says, with the most lively accents.

"The same."

"Oh, Dredmond!" It is an unwonted concession to have Jack Ashhurst's wife call a man by his Christian name, and under this rare favor Dredmond Chetewood pales perceptibly, so hopelessly passionate is this young lord. "Oh, Dredmond, couldn't you get me an introduction? He is an elegant-looking man. Look, Dred, don't you think there is something positively regal in the way he carries his head?"

This, of course, is exceedingly cheerful for Lord Chetewood. His feelings sink to zero, and he is instantly plunged in one of his choicest tempers. As may be supposed, he is not in a mood to look with favor upon a man praised by the woman he hopelessly loves, notwithstanding that man is his oldest friend. The consequence is, he glares at Toboskie in anything but tender admiration.

"Can't say that I see anything remarkable," he says, and his voice is even more disparaging than his words.

"Then I think you must be blind," says Lady Ashhurst, with what, to Lord Chetewood, is unnecessary warmth. "I think him the handsomest man I ever saw—quite!"

Silence.

"Could you, now, Dredie, get me an introduction?" this with the faintest suspicion of coaxing in the sweet tones.

"I suppose I might," says Lord Chetewood, sulkily; "don't see any earthly reason why I shouldn't, since his father and mine are oldest friends, and Toboskie and I spent five years together at a German university."

"No!" she cries, in delight, totally ignoring his ungraciousness. Then rewards him for his



proffered kindness with a little gush of confidence, in which she relates the adventure upon the beach. But Lord Chetewood fails to see anything remarkably funny in the recital, and absolutely refuses to smile, much to his companion's disgust.

When she is through, he cannot forbear a dirty fling.

"Toboskie," he says, with suspicious carelessness, "is not of the sort to be soft on women."

"No?" smoothly.

"We were talking of you when you observed us. I gave him every chance to ask for an introduction, but he wouldn't take it."

"I know I shall like that man," says Jack Ashhurst's wife, with offensive cheerfulness. "I always adore those kind of men! There is something so undignified, so little, in a man trotting all over a ballroom begging for introductions to every woman he sees." Lady Ashhurst now speaks severely, and is flagrantly unjust in her insinuation. Unhappy Lord Chetewood grows black with rage.

"Am I to understand—" he begins, wrathfully, when Jack Ashhurst's wife lays her small hand upon his arm.

"There, Dredie," she says, in a whisper. "Now is your chance; beckon him over!"

Thus commanded, Chetewood nods rather curtly, it must be confessed, to Toboskie, who stands a short distance off, and intimates to him that he may join them. Thus besieged, the ambassador has no alternative but to obey.

"Lady Ashhurst, my friend, 'Count Toboskie'."

It is a very brief introduction that Chetewood gets through, but it suffices.

Gypsy smiles adorably at the courtly man towering above her, with just a shy consciousness of the past to complete her fascination. The ambassador bows low over the hand which Chetewood remembers with a pang she gives to very few people, and tells her how happy he is to make her acquaintance.

Savage and disconsolate, Dredmond takes himself off. The two thus left together drift into a gay conversation. Both are witty, brilliant and intelligent. Finally, leaving brighter and heavier topics, they come back to that meeting upon the beach.

"That child is sure to get every one in trouble who goes near her," says Gypsy, with a laugh.

"She is a very lovely child, and very like her mother," says Toboskie, with treacherous carelessness.

Jack Ashhurst's wife gives a convulsive little start and stares at her companion, then breaks into a gay laugh.

"Did you think I was her mother?"

"Are you not?" with disgraceful duplicity.

"No!"

"You amaze me!"

Gypsy laughs. "She is only my adopted child, but, of course, that makes no difference," she says, and settles herself for a long speech. "You must know I was nothing but a child when Jack married me," this is not said with any pretensions to youth. He knows, suspicious as he is of her, that she has spoken truly. Looking steadily downwards into that upturned countenance, with its matchless loveliness, he sees that there is not the slightest trace of age—nothing but a wondrous, lovely youth, more radiant than the blossoms of Spring. "I was nothing but a child, and I shall always suspect that poor, dear Jack was afraid to take me home to England, after defying all the conventional rules of his country by marrying a baby, and a foreign one, too; for, although my parents were English, I was born in Cuba, where Jack found me. So we traveled for a couple of years. And when we were in Greece we stumbled upon this lovely child. She was then about two years old and a born Greek. Jack was seized with a violent fancy for her, so was I. She being friendless and living upon charity, there was nothing to prevent our legally adopting her, which we did. Now you have her history, which I felt bound to give you, because you were so kind to her that day of the rain." She smiles up at him, a wondrous, dazzling smile, and through his veins shoots one swift flame of fire as he looks down in the alluring eyes, and his breath comes sharply.

(To be continued.)

#### POSSIBLE PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES.

HON. THOMAS F. BAYARD, OF DELAWARE.

WHILE the State of Delaware is territorially inconsiderable in extent, it has for many years outweighed many of the largest and most populous commonwealths in the councils of the nation. This circumstance, at once so creditable and universal, is due entirely to the personal character, ability and force of the men who have represented the State in the United States Senate, among whom the subject of this sketch is confessedly conspicuous. The present Senator, Thomas F. Bayard, is the grandson of James Ashton Bayard, whose father was John Bayard, distinguished in the Revolutionary period as a patriot of singular purity and disinterestedness. It was with James Ashton Bayard that the senatorial line of his family commenced. He was chosen to Congress in 1796, and served until 1803 as an acknowledged leader of the old Federal party. He was sent to the United States Senate in 1806, and served there until 1813. He declined the mission to France offered to him by Mr. Adams in 1801 and confirmed to him by the Senate, but served as a joint commissioner with Adams, Clay, Gallatin and Russell in negotiating the Treaty of Ghent, which was concluded in December, 1814. He was then appointed Minister to Russia, but declined that office also; and while busy with the details of a commercial treaty with Great Britain was taken sick, and returned home in a national vessel to die in sight of his native shores. The public place held by him was next filled by his son, Richard H. Bayard, who was chosen Senator in 1836 and again in 1841, and who was sent as Minister to Belgium in 1850. The third Senator in the line was James A. Bayard, father of the present Senator. He repre-

sented Delaware in the Senate from 1851 to 1864, when he resigned, although he had just been elected to serve for a third term. Nevertheless, in 1867, he was appointed by the Governor of Delaware to fill the unexpired term of Senator Riddle, and, retiring finally in 1869, was succeeded by his son, Thomas Francis Bayard, in whom the courtesy and integrity of the father and the political genius of the grandfather are united with the disinterested chivalry and high courage characteristic of all the race.

Thomas Francis Bayard was born in Wilmington, Del., October 29th, 1828. He was educated mainly at the celebrated Flushing School established by Dr. E. L. Hawks, of New York. He selected commerce as his pursuit in life, and entered a counting-house in this city, where his father was then practicing law. After the family returned to Delaware he removed to Philadelphia, and was engaged in the great West India house of Morris Wain & Co., where he acquired a thorough business training and such an insight into the mysteries of trade as in later years the Custom House plunderers of New York found it impossible to escape. In 1848 his elder brother died, whereupon he abandoned mercantile pursuits and took up the study of law, under the feeling that the Bayards ought always to have a representative of the family in that profession. He studied in his father's office and was admitted to practice in 1851. With his advantages of training and his natural abilities success was a matter of course. In 1853 he was appointed United States District Attorney for Delaware, but resigned the position in the following year. With the exception of two years spent in Philadelphia, he practiced steadily in his native city until his election, in 1869, to the United States Senate. This election was attended by the curious coincidence that at the same time his father was named for the fragment of an unexpired term.

In the Senate, Mr. Bayard's career has been marked from the outset by industry, conscientiousness and the highest order of ability. One of his most conspicuous achievements was the investigation, exposure and correction of the corrupt and dishonest methods which for a time marked the management of the Custom House, and outraged and embarrassed commerce, in New York. The reform which liberated our merchants from spies, blackmailers and an insidious institution is due more to Senator Bayard's efforts than to those of any other public man. As to the Southern question, he has been foremost among the leaders of his party in insisting upon the maintenance of the constitutional rights of the States, and opposing the imposition upon them of laws and rulers by means of military power. Some of his public utterances as to questions growing out of the rebellion have been sharply criticised by his political antagonists, but his most advanced avowals were certainly more moderate than those of many other Democratic statesmen now and formerly in public life.

Senator Bayard has served upon the Finance Committee since entering the Senate, being now its Chairman, and has been a consistent advocate of the Democratic doctrines about tariff, currency and taxation. As early as February, 1872, he expressed himself thus strongly on the subject of a return to specie payments:

"In the consideration of our national finances the chief and ruling object in view should be the return to specie payments, not so much as affecting the convenience of the moneyed classes of the country as affecting the morals of the entire country. A return to specie payments should be held a return to honesty in individual dealings, and the sooner an honest currency, a currency of intrinsic value, is restored to the people of this country the better, because until that is done we cannot hope for a discontinuance of those practices of bad faith and illegitimate speculation which are the natural result and outgrowth of paper money. I say, therefore, that a return to honest money is a crying demand of the present hour. A departure from the currency of honest money, from money of value, was a cardinal error, a vast blunder, in my opinion, originally."

In the later legislation upon the financial question, Senator Bayard has steadily adhered to the principles here laid down. His firmness at the last session of Congress in resisting the schemes of the silver maniacs prevented the passage of the Bill providing for the exchange of trade-dollars for legal tender silver dollars at par, and his inflexible hostility to the greenback delusion in all its forms has contributed largely, during the whole period of contention over that subject, to the preservation of the sound national policy which has made resumption possible.

Mr. Bayard's nomination for the Presidency, should that honor be bestowed upon him, would everywhere unite the Democracy, and enlist the heartiest and most enthusiastic support. Identified as he has been with every important question of national legislation during the crucial decade of our history, with a record without spot or blemish, and an independence of cliques and cabals which would assure an upright and cleanly administration, no right-thinking member of his party could refuse to follow his standard in a struggle which, in the opinion of many, is to determine the fate of the Democratic organization for a long time to come.

#### MR. GEO. B. ROBERTS,

PRESIDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD COMPANY.

MR. GEORGE B. ROBERTS, recently elected as President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, graduated at the Engineering and Scientific School at Troy, N. Y., in 1850, and in the following year entered the service of the railroad company, as a roadman in the engineer corps. During the summer following he became assistant engineer in charge of the division on the summit that included the great tunnel. In the Fall of 1852 he left the Pennsylvania to become assistant engineer of the Philadelphia and Erie, and during the ten years that followed he was actively employed in building railroads. He was an engineer on the North Pennsylvania, which was opened in 1855, and on the Northwestern. On the Allentown, the Mahanoy and Broad Mountain, and the West Jersey he was chief engineer, and filled that office when they were completed. In May, 1862, he was called to the position of assistant to the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad, on account of his engineering skill and ability as an administrative officer. Seven years later, on May 3d, 1869, he was made Fourth Vice President, and March 26th, 1873, Second Vice President. When Colonel Scott was elected President, June 3d, 1874, Mr. Roberts succeeded him as First Vice President, and during Colonel Scott's absence in Europe for a year and a half Mr. Roberts was acting President. He has for many years occupied a prominent position in the boards of roads controlled by the Pennsylvania, and brings to the discharge of the duties devolving upon him, as Colonel Scott's successor, not only a mature experience but thorough familiarity with all the conditions and peculiar relations of the great railway system which he will henceforth manage. In attaining the Presidency of the Pennsylvania Company, he has simply realized the ambition of his early manhood, which he is said to have declared that he would rather be president of that corporation than of the United States. The *Pennsylvania Press* says of his promotion: "The Pennsylvania Press has substantially achieved its work of development. It remains now to make the most of its marvelous growth. It passes from the epoch of expansive enterprise to the era of consolidated strength and conservative force. In this grand progress of recuperative energy and healthy vitality, Mr. Roberts is admirably qualified to guide it. He is prudent, sagacious and practical, a master of details and of organization, thoroughly familiar with the

progressive policy of the corporation and combining with it the wisest principles of conservative management. He enters upon his trust with the unbounded confidence of the company and of the public."

#### How an Arab Lady Perfumes Herself.

IN the floor of the tent or hut, as it may chance to be, a small hole is excavated sufficiently large to contain a common champagne-bottle; a fire of charcoal or of simply glowing embers is made within the hole, into which the woman about to be scented throws a handful of drugs. She then takes off the cloth or "tobe" which forms her dress and crouches naked over the fumes, while she arranges her robe to fall as a mantle from her neck to the ground like a tent. She begins to perspire freely in the hot-air bath, and the pores of the skin being thus opened and moist, the volatile oil from the smoke of the burning perfumes is immediately absorbed. By the time that the fire has expired the scenting process is completed, and both her person and her robe are redolent with incense, with which they are so thoroughly impregnated that I have frequently smelt a party of women strongly at full a hundred yards distance when the wind has been blowing from their direction.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### An Easter Festival at Bautzen, on the Spree.

The egg as a symbol of resurrection, of a life hidden in a marble tomb coming forth again to the light, has been from an early period associated with the joys of Easter Sunday and the Resurrection of Christ. We have our Easter eggs, and French taste and skill have been almost exhausted in inventing forms in which the egg will appear in confectionery or glass and giltwork. The egg for a fashionable lady will be a work of art, a little casket in which a precious ring or pin reposes on its little cushion; the egg for a child will be a fairer structure filled with sweets, itself to be consumed after being emptied. A German Easter egg amusement is seen in our illustration, and must afford no little sport. It requires a smooth, grassy slope, down which eggs are rolled, to be scrambled for by merry youngsters below. Wisdom would dictate that the eggs should be boiled hard, to prevent accidents, before they are thus sent to make their way in the world, and this is doubtless done. The number engaged in sending off the white globes and of the expectant throng who are grasping at them shows that at Bautzen Pass is a day of merrymaking.

##### The United States Ship "Constellation" at Ireland.

The United States frigate *Constellation* left New York on March 30th, and cast anchor at Queenstown twenty days later. She took 500 tons of provisions and clothing for the relief of Irish distress, the cargo being made up as follows: 1,346 barrels potatoes, 675 barrels flour, 1,144 barrels corn meal, and 150 barrels oatmeal. Besides these she carried 59 cases canned meats and 7 packages of clothing and shoes. As has been before stated, the work of transferring this cargo to British vessels for transportation to convenient Irish ports was superintended by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh. The officers of the *Constellation* were handsomely feted in Dublin, and the freedom of the city was presented to Captain Potter, the commander.

##### The Swedish Arctic Exploration.

Professor Nordenfjeld's recent grand achievement of navigating the Arctic Seas north of Asia, and passing eastward through Behring's Strait down into the Pacific Ocean, has been crowned with a triumphal welcome at his arrival home. After receiving, since the entrance of his vessel through the Suez Canal into the Mediterranean, the congratulations of different Governments and nations in Western Europe, he has reached the capital of Sweden, and has been duly honored by the King and the country. The *Fega* was met outside by about 200 steamers, which escorted her into the harbor. The adjacent coasts were lit up for a distance of many miles, and the city itself was splendidly illuminated. Professor Nordenfjeld and his companions were received on landing by the municipal authorities, and proceeded immediately afterwards to the Royal Castle, where they were welcomed by the King. Professor Nordenfjeld has been created a Baron, and Captain Palander and Mr. Oscar Dickson have received patents of nobility.

##### Prisoners Chanting Prayers for Otero.

The night before the execution of Otero, who attempted to assassinate the King of Spain, a singular service was held in the prison. Priests visited the place, and while one remained with the condemned in the little chapel, several others led a party of prisoners in chanting the prayers for those about to die that are customary in Roman Catholic communities. The condemned preserved the utmost coolness while on his way to the place of execution, and the day after his death an alleged confession was published which, however, did not show as was expected, that he was the emissary of any socialist organization.

##### Scenes at a Village Fair near Seville, Spain.

The Spanish people still keep up their *ferias* and *romerias*, but whether trade or religion is the pretext, enjoyment is the real object, and all enter into the spirit of the amusements with zest. Spain, and above all Seville, has been, from the days of the old Romans the chosen land of dancing, and not even France can vie with Spain in the number, grace and charm of its native dances. In fact, Seville still retains this favorite national motion in the services of religion and of mourning, and a solemn dance is performed before the altar on Corpus Christi, and the corpse of a child has in many a home a funeral dance around its little flower-covered bier. The *feria* as represented by our artist needs no detail; it tells its own story of enjoyment.

##### The Royal Marriage at Windsor.

The marriage of the Princess Frederica, daughter of the late King of Hanover and great granddaughter of King George III., with Baron von Pawel-Rammungen took place in the private chapel of Windsor Castle. Although, officially speaking, the ceremony was of a private nature, a very large number of royal and other guests were present, and amongst them Princess Beatrice, Prince Leopold, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, and the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. At the station royal carriages were in waiting to convey the guests to the Castle, where they were at once conducted to the chapel, where shortly afterwards the bridegroom, supported by Prince Leopold, took his place by the altar. After all the guests had assembled, the Queen and the Princess Frederica entered. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of Oxford, assisted by the Dean of Windsor. Her Majesty gave away the bride, while Prince Leopold acted as best man to the bridegroom. After the ceremony the Royal party went to the Green Drawing-room, where the register was signed by Her Majesty and numerous other witnesses; and then Her Majesty and the Royal Family lunched in the White Drawing-room, the other guests being served in the Waterloo Chamber.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—NEARLY 2,000 workmen are employed upon new buildings now going up in Atlanta.

—DURING this year 400,000 bushels of corn have been shipped to Europe from Richmond, Va.

—NEW ORLEANS has shipped to France and Italy within a year 2,400,000 gallons of cotton-seed oil.

—MR. GREENWOOD, within forty-eight hours after his retirement from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, received offers exceeding half a million dollars to establish a new journal.

—MINISTER WHITE reports that the German Government is about to increase the circulation of silver coin twenty per cent.—that is, from 10 marks per head to 12 marks.

—WHEN all the new formations, planned and worked out in their minutest details by the German War Ministry, are completed, the total strength of the army will exceed 2,000,000 men.

—A PARIS dispatch says that the commission on the question of restoring the Palace of the Tuilleries, after consulting two architects, have decided to restore the palace and convert it into a museum.

—THE Bibles issued by the American Bible Society for sixty-four years amount to 37,498,208 copies. In the last year the managers issued from the Bible House 1,129,078. Of these 45,218 copies were sent to foreign lands.

—THE latest plan for crossing the English Channel is embodied in a model now before the British Admiralty for a monster floating railway station, which is to carry trains holding 2,000 passengers across at the rate of fourteen knots an hour.

—It has been announced in the Spanish Congress that the Government proposes soon to introduce a reform system of education in Cuba, and to establish agricultural schools there, but that it is impossible, for the present, to create perpetuity and ecclesiastical reforms.

—THE exports of domestic produce from this port for the week ending May 8th amounted to \$7,704,922, against \$5,908,390 corresponding period last year. The total for the commencement of the year is \$131,534,856, against \$115,426,303 same period of 1879, and \$119,683,613 the year previous.

—THE Minister of Justice has submitted to the Czar for his approval a new law directing that executions shall hereafter take place in the prisons and in the presence of certain officials, instead of in public places and in the presence of the populace. It is reported that the Czar is disposed to acquiesce in this change.

—THE Board of Supervising Inspectors of Steam Vessels have adopted the principal features contained in the draft of the Bill submitted by the New York ferry companies. The most important clause of the Bill as adopted permits the carrying of distinctive signal lights for the purpose of indicating the particular ferry to which each boat belongs.

—It is stated that the Carthusian monks, the manufacturers of the famous Chartreuse *liqueur*, have determined to follow the example of other congregations and refuse to conform to the religious decrees. They threaten to remove the manufacture to England. They pay the State 1,000,000 francs a year taxes, and divide 5,000,000 francs among the poor.

—MR. AUGUSTUS MORRIS, one of the Commissioners at the Sydney Exhibition, reports that our exhibitors have been very successful in obtaining awards. In all cases our manufacturers have either excelled all others or stood in the first rank. The result will be a large sale of American articles of several kinds that have heretofore been unknown in Australia.

—EMILE AUGIER's play of "L'Aventuriere," in which Sarah Bernhardt makes her appearance in London, was first produced during the revolutionary year of 1848, and was rewritten ten years later for the Théâtre Français. It is well known here by the adaptation made by Mr. Robertson under the title of "Home," and has had more than one long run at Wallack's.

—A CAIRO dispatch says that in consequence of the recent arrival of a slave caravan at Siout, the Governor of the Province and other officers have been dismissed, and will be court martialled. A special European slave commission has been appointed on the recommendation of the British Consul-General, to secure the execution of the Anglo-Egyptian convention for the suppression of the slave trade.

—It is announced that the President of the Nicaraguan Government has made a very liberal concession to a number of American capitalists to undertake the construction of a canal across any portion of the territory of that country, which may seem most advantageous. This concession is likely to be the basis of an important movement in the interest of a canal under control of American capitalists, and it is understood that an organization will soon be effected in direct antagonism to Dr. Lesseppe's scheme.

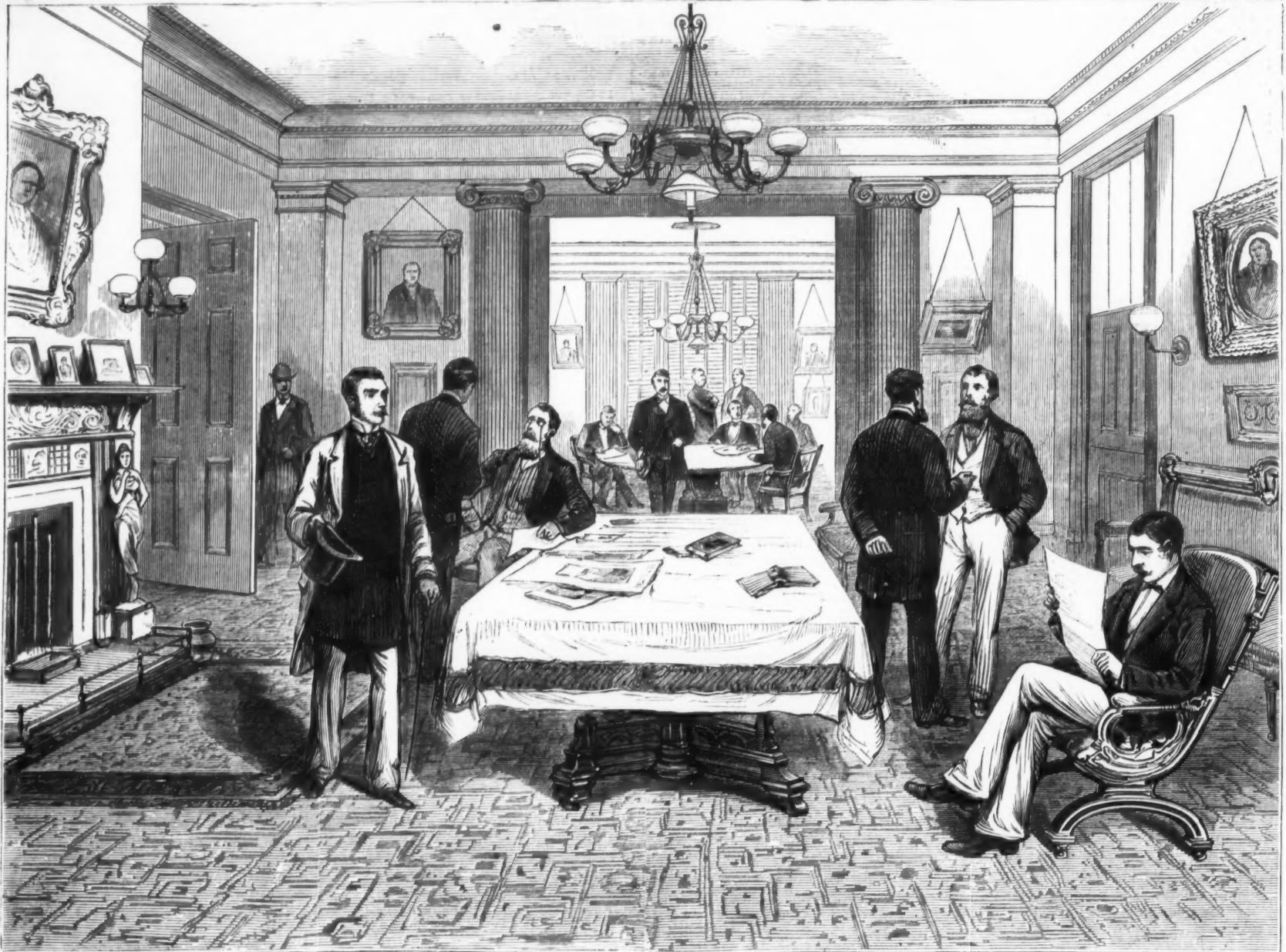
—THE temperance party in England claims that there are 315 members of the new Parliament favorable to "local option." Of these, 145 voted or paired in favor of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's motion; 87, while declining to commit themselves to details, have expressed themselves as favorable to popular control over the issue of licenses. This list includes Mr. Gladstone and the Marquis of Hartington. If this estimate be anything like correct, there will undoubtedly soon be some legislation in the way of restricting the sale of intoxicating liquors.

—THE receipts of grain at this port were unusually heavy on May 10th, particularly by canal, the latter amounting to 1,063,253 bushels. Of these, 765,753 bushels were wheat, 207,900 corn, 81,300 oats and 8,300 rye. In addition to these there arrived another large tow of canal boats in the afternoon too late to have the quantity posted on 'Change. The arrivals of wheat by rail and coastwise footed up to 794,753 bushels. The market for breadstuffs was generally higher and fairly active, with the exception of oats, which broke down two cents a bushel.

—FOR the first time for several years the Russian Opera at St. Petersburg shows a large profit. Upwards of 130 representations were given during the season just ended; 69 being the works of Russian composers and 62 of foreigners. The favorite operas were "Life for the Czar," "Faust," "Rusalka," "Ruslan and Ludmila," "Demon" and "Aida," each being performed ten times. The average receipts were \$1,250 a night; the singers cost during the season \$70,000, and the orchestra—88 performers—\$16,000. The total expenditure, vocal and instrumental was \$85,000; the entire receipts, \$165,000; balance, \$80,000, of which one third was net profit.

—THE names of racehorses are literally a commentary upon the history of the world. In 1813 the 2,000 guineas were won by Sir Charles Bunbury's *Smolensko*, suggestive of the retreat of Moscow. There has never been a decade since 1800 in which Marengo has not been commemorated by a great racer. Waterloo, Salamanca, Vittoria, and Blenheim are all represented in the racing calendar. Wellington, Nelson and Collingwood attest the patriotism of British racing men. Blucher won the Derby in 1814, and distinguished matrimonial alliances have been celebrated, as in the case of Prince Leopold, who won the Derby in 1816. So with us, we have had General Grant, Commodore Vanderbilt and Edwin Forrest.





RECEPTION PARLORS OF THE WESTMORELAND CLUB.

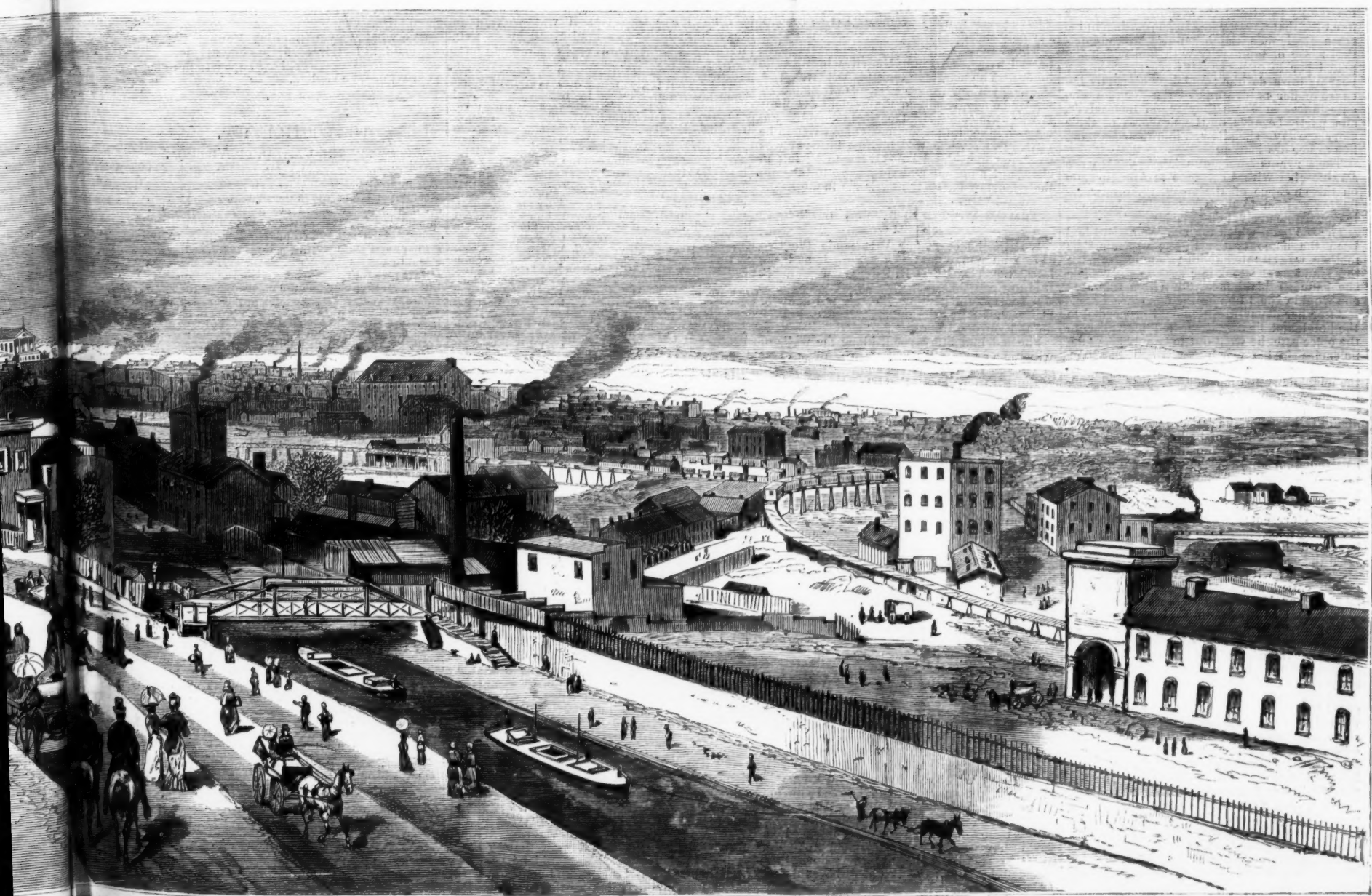


VIEW OF THE CITY OF RICHMOND VIRGINIA.—THE SOUTH IN 1880—A GLIMPSE OF RICHMOND





CHILDREN FEEDING SQUIRRELS IN CAPITOL SQUARE.



MOND DRIVE OVERLOOKING THE CITY.  
MOND ITS ATTRACTIONS.—FROM SKETCHES BY WALTER GOATER.—SEE PAGE 210.



## EYES.

**SERENE** blue eyes,  
Seraphic, calm and limpid eyes,  
Reflection of a Paradise!  
I gaze within their sapphire depths and think  
How like a bark my love might float or sink,  
If they should will it in such wise—  
And their chaste beauty seems to me,  
Like some great, dreamy, treacherous sea!

Thoughtful gray eyes,  
Crepuscular, grave, gloomy eyes,  
Pale as the moodless Northern skies!  
I gaze within their cloudy depths and see  
How all my love might wrecked and shattered be.  
If they should will it in such wise—  
Cold and transparent as the ice,  
They feel no passion, know no vice.

Radiant black eyes,  
Wonderful, scintillant black eyes,  
Love's magnetizing, burning prize!  
I gaze within their flashing depths and find  
The dainty, languid temptress of my mind,  
If they should will it in such wise—  
But their effluence murmureth  
Of strange, mad passions, bringing death!

Winsome brown eyes,  
Light, laughing, innocent brown eyes,  
Wherein a woodland idyl lies!  
I gaze within their lucid depths and mark  
The light that from my soul may chase the dark  
If they should will it in such wise—  
The soul of some Greek dryad fair  
Has surely found its Eden there!

Sombre green eyes,  
Strange, haunting, mystic, siren eyes,  
Teeming with promise and surprise!  
I gaze within their misty depths and see  
The eyes of Messalina dark on me,  
When'er they will it in such wise—  
Snake-like, intolerant and warm,  
They seem to hiss with passion's storm!

Colorful eyes,  
Weird, variable, wonder eyes,  
Wherein a shadowy rainbow lies!  
I gaze within their dazzling depths and love  
The sacred mutability thereof,  
And they have willed it in such wise—  
Ah, emblems of my soul divine,  
Only in dreams I see them shine!

F. S. SALTUS.

## GOLD DUST AND DIAMONDS.

SHOWING HOW THEY WERE FOUND,  
HOW THEY WERE LOST, AND HOW, AFTER  
MANY YEARS, THEY WERE FOUND AGAIN.

## A NOVEL.

BY CHARLES DIMITRY.

## CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

THE next morning Manuela and Reginald set out in the stage for Albuquerque, having previously exacted a promise from Don Tomas and the other members of his family to attend the wedding, which was fixed for that day week. In consenting to become Reginald's wife, Manuela already felt that sense of familiarity with him which impelled her to dispense with ceremony in her bearing towards him; and hence—partly because of her nature and of the peculiar circumstances in which they found themselves, and partly because of the nearness of their marriage day—she allowed him to accompany her to her destination.

The servants from Manuela's *hacienda* were awaiting her with a carriage in Albuquerque on the entrance of the stage, their mistress having written to them a few days before of her probable arrival on that day.

The *hacienda*, which for six generations had been the home of the family of Manuela's mother, was situated about two miles from the town, and as she took her seat in the vehicle she bade Reginald farewell, telling him that she would expect him on the morrow.

After her departure, Reginald proceeded to the hotel, and, having deposited his valise in the office-safe, he went out to supply some deficiencies in his wardrobe, which, however adapted it may have been to the necessities of the long and rough journey to Durango which he had contemplated, was scarcely suitable for the requirements of a gentleman who was about to abandon the rôle of treasure-seeker and traveler for that of bridegroom. He laid the shops of Albuquerque under contribution, and, though his outfit was possibly not as complete or splendid as one that he might have procured in a more pretentious locality, still it answered well enough to enable him to make so presentable an appearance the next day at the *hacienda* that Manuela expressed herself highly pleased with the change.

On the occasion of this visit he brought the precious box with him. With the doors discreetly closed, and secure from interruption, he and Manuela opened it.

Imbedded as it were in the gold dust that mainly filled it, appeared to their vision, as they spread its contents on the table, a multitude of diamonds, rubies, emeralds and sapphires. The first, however, predominated in number, and as of these more than twenty were of enormous size, they could well understand how the Chevalier Deville had estimated the value of his buried riches at three hundred thousand louis d'ors, or a million and a half of dollars. Most of the diamonds, and many of the less valuable stones, were cut, and, as the light fell on them through the lowered curtain, they flashed and glowed like coals of fire.

For a long time the two contemplated in silence the treasure that lay before them. Each seemed lost in thought. Perhaps they were both thinking that, great in value as was the fortune that had come into their possession, its acquisition had been made not without some sacrifice.

Finally the gold dust and stones were returned to the box, which, after having been

carefully wrapped in a cloth, was put in a secure place; and for the twentieth time Reginald exclaimed:

"Would that Melchior were here!"

As he spoke, Manuela put her hand on his shoulder and looked with a tender expression in his face.

"*Caro mio*," she said, with a smile, "your wish has been gratified unaware to you. Melchior is here!"

He gazed at her fixedly and like one bewildered, for there was that in her voice that recalled the journey to Milan and the memory of the Palazzo Albergati.

"Here!" he repeated. "Where?"

She dropped her face on his breast, and a vivid color swept from her forehead to her neck.

"There is no Melchior," she said, softly. "Oh, my dearest Reginald, the Melchior of your imagination was only Manuela who loves you and who would have died to save your life! Forgive me if this confession makes me seem bold; but if I assumed an unwomanly part, it was in order that you might avoid the danger of an encounter with Vellani."

He held her close to him in a silence that was far more eloquent than any language could have been. His eyes were moist with tears as he remembered how the brave heart that was beating against his breast had been made the target of the Italian's assassinating steel. And all, too, for his sake—for the sake of the love that, like some great light rising gradually out of the darkness, for the first time began to dawn on him in all its luminous completeness.

"Noble, generous, devoted Manuela!" he exclaimed at last. "You have taught me that of which I have been ignorant—that true love means self-sacrifice!"

Her tears were falling silently, although he could not see them.

"It was because I felt this," she replied, "that, when I knew you were determined to proceed to Europe and meet Vellani, I resolved to present myself before you in the character of my brother, who died when a child and is buried out there in the garden, and so conduct your relations with your enemy that he should meet me in a duel instead of you. I was confident of my skill with either sword or pistol and I distrusted yours. It made me so happy to think that you never suspected that under the guise of Melchior it was your own Manuela who met you in Paris and accompanied you to Milan on your mission of danger!"

"The past cannot be recalled," he said, in a self-reproachful tone; but had I only known—

"What, Reginald?"

"I would not have spared the life of the villain in the old church! I never can forget, now, that it was at your gentle bosom he aimed his sword-thrust in the courtyard of the Palazzo Albergati!"

"Ah, Reginald, let us be charitable even to him. Think no more of the past, dearest. There is no obstacle now between us and happiness. In four days more I will be your wife. I have given you my promise. Let us remember only that!"

The four days of which Manuela had spoken passed away—as if on leaden wings to the lovers. The marriage took place at the *hacienda*, only a few intimate friends of Manuela's family being present in the ancient dwelling. It was at the *hacienda*, too, the home of Manuela's childhood, that the honeymoon was to be passed; and when that blissful interval was over, the house and lands were to be left in charge of an agent and they were to take up their journey for their new home in the East.

## CHAPTER XX.—THE HEIR OF ST. EVREMOND DEVILLE.

WHEN the ceremony that made the two man and wife was concluded, and the latest lingering guest had departed, Manuela said to Reginald:

"You have asked me, dear, how I knew of St. Evremond Deville, and his treasure. Follow me and you shall know."

She led him into a room along the walls of which were ranged the portraits of several generations of the Davilas, and pointing to one of these, the likeness of a martial-looking man in armor, said:

"Look at that picture. It is the portrait of him whose name has been so often on our lips of late, the Chevalier Deville—the brother of my ancestor, Claude Deville, to whom was addressed the old letter written in the dungeon of the fortress of Vera Cruz, and which so singularly fell into your hands."

Surprise for a moment kept Reginald silent.

"You, the descendant of St. Evremond Deville's brother, Manuela?" he ejaculated, finally.

"Yes. My mother—her family name had gradually undergone the change from Deville to Davila—was her father's only heir, and since my brother Melchior's death I am the soul survivor of the blood of all those whose faces look down upon us from the wall."

"And the only surviving inheritor of St. Evremond's treasure?"

"It is even so, Reginald."

"Why did you keep this a secret from me?"

"Because," she answered, "I preferred to tell you of this as your wife. I did not wish that the question of this treasure or of my inheritance should influence your action towards me. Had you forgotten me—had time proved you false to your professions of love—I still would have kept the secret. I have an ample fortune in my own right, and I loved you too much to wish to deprive you of the riches which in one sense are justly yours."

"How fortunate then for me that my love could know no change!" exclaimed Reginald, as he pressed her to his breast. "For, had I changed, I would have retained the gold and precious stones, it is true, but how infinitely more precious a treasure would I have lost in losing you for a wife, my darling!"

"Fate," she answered, "seems to have destined us for each other. Now let me tell you something of my ancestor Claude Deville and his brother St. Evremond. The Devilles were a family of Brittany, in France. St. Evremond, the elder of the two brothers, after serving as an officer in the armies of Louis XIV., led by a spirit of adventure, left France and went to the newly-settled country of Brazil, about the year 1676. He remained there, as he says in the old manuscript, which was in reality a letter written from his prison to my ancestor Claude, until 1678, when the animosity of the Viceroy Oliveira compelled him to leave Brazil."

"Claude Deville, at the time this letter, which never reached his hands, and which first saw the light through your discovery of it, was written, still lived in Brittany. Other letters, however, some written in Brazil and some after the arrival of St. Evremond in this part of Mexico, and his incarceration in San Juan de Ulua, were received by Claude. My ancestor knew, as I shall show you presently, that his brother had acquired great riches in Brazil, and it was partly to endeavor to learn something of the fate of this wealth that, after receiving the intelligence of St. Evremond's death in prison, he departed from France and came to Mexico."

"While pursuing his investigations—which, however, proved fruitless—along the Rio Grande, he met a lady of the country of whom he became enamored and whom he eventually married. This alliance induced him to settle here, and this *hacienda*, which has been the residence of so many generations of his descendants, was a part of his original purchase. Nothing, of course, was ever known concerning St. Evremond's lost treasure, but the fact that such a treasure had existed remained a tradition in our family."

"You understand, now, how easy a thing it was for me, knowing all these previous circumstances of the family history, to complete the text of the mutilated manuscript. The only point on which I was ignorant was the locality of the church, and that by a strange chance you discovered in Fra Gregorio's chronicle."

"It is all clear to me now, Manuela," said Reginald, "but I cannot help wondering at the extraordinary coincidence whereby you, I and the manuscript were thrown together."

"It was indeed a singular combination of circumstances," she replied, "and it only proves that truth, sometimes at least, is stranger than fiction. Here," she added, as she walked to a secretary that stood in a corner of the room, "is a number of letters from the Chevalier Deville to my ancestor Claude, written at various times after his departure from France. In one, written after his arrival in Vera Cruz from South America, he speaks of his treasure and tells how he had acquired it. Look, the handwriting is the same as that of the manuscript found by you."

He inspected the dingy sheet of paper.

"The same," he said; "there can be no mistaking it. Read it, Manuela."

Like the manuscript, it was written in French, and Manuela read aloud in English, translating from the original as she went on:

"VERA CRUZ, MEXICO, August, 1678.

"I have but lately arrived here, my dear Claude, from Brazil with considerable treasure in my possession which I hope some day to share with thee. This treasure consists chiefly of diamonds, though I have a great store of gold dust and also divers precious stones of value and rarity. I have had several of the diamonds cut here by a skillful lapidary, and they prove to be of the first water. I was compelled to depart from Brazil because of the persecutions of the Portuguese authorities in that country, and I have but time—since the galleon which is to bear this letter leaves for Seville within the hour—to relate to thee briefly how I discovered the localities in Brazil in which the diamonds abound."

"The streams that contain them were pointed out to me by a friendly native, who, of course, was ignorant of their value, although he had brought a few to me as curiosities. I had done this man some service and it was through him also that I became aware of the existence of gold in the rivers. Scarcely had I begun to reap the benefit arising from these discoveries, the knowledge of which I kept a profound secret, when intelligence reached me that my liberty of person was threatened by the Viceroy Oliveira—why, I know not. Collecting my gold in two leather bags and secreting the diamonds about my person, and accompanied by my faithful Indian friend as a guide, I traveled southward to the Missions of the Jesuit Fathers in Paraguay. The holy men received me kindly and assisted me on my journey to Buenos Ayres, where I found a brigantine in the roads about to sail for Havana. I embarked on board this vessel. At Havana I again embarked for this place."

"I hear of rich gold and topaz and emerald mines far in the north of Mexico among the mountains that hold the headwaters of the great river of the north. Thither shall I adventure soon, hoping to add to my store of wealth. When I shall have sufficiently seen the world in this quarter I shall return to France. I will write again at the first opportunity. Adieu. Thy brother,

"ST. EVREMOND DEVILLE."

For a long time Reginald and Manuela, after reading this letter, conversed on the future and their plans of life. They both agreed that, inasmuch as Vellani might still linger in the vicinity, it would be unwise, with the vast treasure in their possession, and not knowing what course he might pursue, to defer their departure for the East. Hence was it that, a few days after their marriage, they started from Albuquerque on their journey towards the Atlantic seaboard. Manuela had selected from her household effects those articles which she wished to remove to her new home, and these, with the family portraits and other relics which were endeared to her by association, were stored in Albuquerque, there to remain until they should be sent for.

At Santa Fé they remained a night with Don Tomas and his family. Before leaving these friends (for Reginald had not forgotten the promise he had made to himself that Pepita, to whom so much was due, should be remembered when the treasure should come into his possession), Manuela, taking the priest aside, gave into his hands a small box carefully sealed, in which reposed on soft folds of pink

cotton a large and brilliant diamond of many thousand dollars value.

"This," she said, "my good friend, is a present from my husband and myself for Pepita. Let it be considered her wedding gift from us. Do not open the box, I beg you, until three days shall have passed away."

"I promise to do as you wish, señora," said Don Tomas, with a perplexed countenance. "Pepita will feel grateful to you and Mr. Grey for this remembrance of her. In her name, therefore, I thank you for the gift contained in this box."

As the stage approached San José, Manuela expressed a desire to revisit the old church before leaving it behind them on their journey.

They entered the melancholy inclosure. A man seated near the entrance, with his head buried in his hands, looked up at the sound of their footsteps. In the pale, haggard face that was turned towards them they recognized Vellani. His head was still bandaged, and his whole bearing was that of one who had lost all courage and all hope.

Reginald's first impulse was to pass him by coldly, but a word from Manuela led him to change his purpose.

"He looks so unhappy," she whispered. "If he will accept our forgiveness, let us grant it. Go and speak to him."

He went up to the Italian.

"Signor Vellani," he said, controlling himself sufficiently to utter words calmly, "we meet probably for the last time. To prove to you that I have no hatred, notwithstanding the events of the past, I now ask you if you feel regret for the course that you have pursued towards me?"

Vellani turned his head away for a moment. "Say that you regret your conduct," continued Reginald, "and all will be forgotten."

Whatever may have been the Italian's thoughts, he manifested no contrition and no softening of the heart in the expression of his countenance; for, rising from his seat, and without pausing to look at Reginald or Manuela, he walked slowly from the ruin with feeble steps that indicated the weakness of the invalid.

"He is implacable," said Reginald, as he watched his retreating figure.

Manuela cast a long, lingering look around her as if to imprint on her mind the picture of the mouldering walls; and then, taking her husband's arm, they went out into the sunlight from the gloom and decay that surrounded them.

From the stage they saw Vellani in the distance as, with head bent and hands crossed behind him, he walked slowly on the veranda of Don Pedro's dwelling. To their eyes, as the distance between them increased, the figure of this man and the outlines of the old church filled in the receding landscape, to the exclusion of all surrounding features, with a strange significance.

When the two objects, animate and inanimate, had passed beyond their vision, Manuela, holding Reginald's hand in her own, leaned back in her seat and gazed dreamily on the distant mountains.

"Of what are you thinking, Manuela?" said Reginald, at last, interrupting her reverie.

"I am thinking, dear, how happy I am to be your wife," she replied.

THE END.

## THE SOUTH IN 1880.

## RICHMOND, THE CAPITAL OF VIRGINIA.

THE City of Richmond, aside from the historical interest which attaches to it as the theatre of most important events in the struggle of the Southern States for independence and a separate nationality, possesses attractions in the natural beauty of its situation and surroundings, in its sanitary and manufacturing advantages, and in the elegance and intelligence of its society, which must always give it pre-eminence among the cities of the Union. It is situated on the north side of the river James, at and around the falls, at the head of tide-water, having an altitude above sea level of 20 to 188 feet. Its site is quite picturesque, built as it is upon a series of hills that afford ample natural drainage. As a class its buildings are good, especially the private residences and the churches. On the principal business streets some of the stores are patterns of elegance, and, taken all in all, Richmond compares favorably with other cities of equal size and population. To a stranger there are many points well worthy of a visit. In its vicinity was fought some of the most sanguinary battles of the war, of which traces still exist. The Federal soldiers have a small but beautiful cemetery east of the town, while Hollywood Cemetery, on the west, is one of the most beautiful burying-places in the country. Here a portion of the grounds were set apart for the reception of the remains of the dead Confederate soldiers, and they have been tenderly gathered from the different battle-fields in the vicinity and buried there under the shadow of an Egyptian pyramid erected by the ladies in commemoration of their devotion to the cause that was lost, and to stand sentinel over their last long sleep.

The Capitol is a huge pile of brick and stone, without peculiar attraction, except its historical association; but in its rotunda stands the best statue of Washington in existence—cut after a model taken from the original during his life, and therefore a perfect likeness. In the upper story of the building is the State Library, in which may be seen some fine paintings of Virginia's Governors and other notable connected with her history, besides many Indian relics, battle-flags, old books and other curiosities. The library contains 30,000 volumes.

The Capitol building stands in the centre of a ten-acre park upon the top of one of the highest hills in Richmond, and from its roof may be had a superb view of the city and its surroundings. The park is tastefully laid off in walks that traverse it in every direction, while in the northwest corner stands a magnificent equestrian statue of Washington whose base is decorated with statues, in bronze, of Patrick Henry, and others of revolutionary fame, while midway between that and the south line a dome has been erected, and under it stands a marble statue of Kentucky's great statesman, Henry Clay. In the city may also be seen the famous Libby prison, Castle Thunder and the house occupied by Jefferson Davis.

The Executive Mansion, in the northeast corner of the Capitol grounds, is an unpretending brick building, and is in its appointments marked by republican simplicity. Among other objects of special interest in the city is St. John's Church, in which, on the 20th of March, 1775, the second Patriot Convention of Virginia was held, and where, three



years later, the Virginia Convention formally ratified the Federal Constitution. The building, which was erected in 1740 upon land then known as Indian Hill, is of wood, with belfry and spire, and yet contains the quaint, high pulpit, with sounding-board overhead, of olden time. It is embosomed in a beautiful grove of varied growth. The yard, which is inclosed with a substantial brick wall, is ridged with the little hillocks and thickly studded with the moss-grown monuments of the dead for more than a century past. Here have been buried a number of distinguished men, among them, it is claimed, Chancellor George Wythe.

The water-power furnished by the James River, at Richmond, is one of the finest in the Union. It is of sufficient capacity to run all the manufacturing in the South were they concentrated here. The stream is at this point at least one-fourth of a mile in width, with an average of twelve inches of water at its lowest season, while from the top of the rapids, or falls, to the bottom it is nearly, if not quite, seventy-five feet, giving an opportunity for the water to be used over and over again several times before it is discharged again into the river at the bottom of the falls.

The commerce of Richmond is steadily recovering from the effects of its nearly total suspension from 1861 to 1865. During the year 1878, the harbor-master reported the arrival of 839 sailing vessels and 590 steamers, with a total tonnage of 695,000 tons, being about 2.8-10 per cent. increase over 1877. This aggregate includes 191,333 barrels of flour for Brazil—an increase of 32 per cent. over the shipments of 1877. Regular lines of steamers ply between Richmond and the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Norfolk. There is an extensive trade with the West Indies and South America, the return cargoes being respectively sugar and coffee.

According to a table recently published there were in the city on the last of January last, 565 manufacturing establishments, employing 14,193 hands, and having tools and machinery valued at \$2,342,981. The amount of sales is stated at \$2,486,646. Of the factories, 64 are engaged in the preparation of tobacco and 78 in the manufacture of boots, shoes, leather and leather goods.

The population of Richmond is now about 80,000. The value of real and personal property returned ten years ago was \$36,650,566. The city is well supplied with educational facilities, and possesses all other advantages incident to the highest forms of civilization.

Among the clubs of the city, the Westmoreland ranks first and foremost. This club was organized February 12th, 1877. General Henry Heth was the first President, being succeeded by Colonel W. H. Palmer, and then by Dr. J. S. D. Culen, the present incumbent. It first occupied the house on Franklin Street in which General R. E. Lee's family were lodged during the war, but purchased last Summer the house (where now located) on the corner of Sixth and Grace Streets. This house was owned, in succession, by Robert Stanard, William H. Macfarland and James Lyons, who, in their day, dispensed a magnificent hospitality, entertaining every distinguished stranger who visited Richmond, among them the Prince of Wales, Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Dickens. The membership is 160 residents and 60 non-resident, and is composed of the best citizens of the city and elsewhere in the State and outside of it. Among the non-resident members are ex-Governor Theodore F. Randolph, of New Jersey; Charles M. Fry, Francis O. French, William P. Clyde, A. S. Hatch and N. L. McCready, of New York; J. N. Du Barry, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad; A. S. Biddle and Charles Chancery, of Philadelphia; Douglas Gordon, of Baltimore; W. W. Corcoran, of Washington, and General W. H. F. Lee and General G. W. C. Lee, of Virginia. To use the language of the charter of the club, it was organized "for the promotion of social intercourse and for the purpose of maintaining a library and reading-room." It subserves a perfect end in the entertainment of strangers in the city who are deserving of attention.

The Virginia Historical Society is located in the Club House, where its whole collection is lodged. The walls of the Club House are adorned mainly with the historical portraits and other pictures belonging to the Virginia Historical Society. From ten till two o'clock on Saturdays the Club House is open to the possession of the ladies of the members of the club. Recently the ladies entertained Mrs. General Bradley Johnson, of Baltimore, and Mr. W. W. Corcoran, of Washington. The affairs of the club are very prosperous, and its appointments are in keeping with the character of its select membership.

#### THE NEW JERSEY FOREST FIRES.

FOR more than a month fires have raged fiercely in the pine and cedar forests of the lower counties of New Jersey, destroying a vast amount of valuable timber and cranberry bog, seriously threatening railroad communication, and, at times, hovering about small cities with alarming pertinacity. On Monday, May 24, a large fire broke out on the line of the West Jersey Railroad, between Mount Pleasant Station and Woodbine, and by the time of its discovery it was quite beyond control, and at almost racehorse speed it ran seven miles to the village of Tuckahoe, which was barely saved by the heroic exertions of its inhabitants. From Tuckahoe the fire swept on down to Petersburg and Middle town, destroying five humble dwellings in the forest on its way, and driving the frightened inhabitants before it in a mad race for life.

Two weeks previous a fire was started in the neighborhood of Manumusk Station, which did some \$100,000 damage to timber lands in that part of the country, destroying among others an exceptionally valuable tract belonging to Charles Colville, near Tuckahoe. The second fire was, however, the closest call that the village had, and, but for the heroic and indefatigable exertions of the people, continued all night long, would have been the last Tuckahoe would have had to fear before being rebuilt.

On Wednesday two small fires were discovered in Atlantic and Burlington Counties, but neither reached such magnitude as to be worthy of especial mention.

Thursday was a memorable day for the frequency and seriousness of these conflagrations. One occurred near Tuckerton, the chief damage done by which was the entire destruction of a natural cranberry bog, of an estimated value of \$15,000, and the ruin of a very promising cedar swamp. A second, starting five miles above Egg Harbor City, spread so far as to seriously threaten the villages of Gloucester and Port Republic, but it was, fortunately, confined in its ravages mainly to the uplands, where the timber was of less value.

The greatest fire of the week was the third of Thursday, which, starting a little south of the South Branch switch on the line of the Tuckerton Railroad, and pursuing a general east-southeast direction until it reached the bay, with spurs and laps and spreads on each side, swept over a territory at least seven miles long by one and a half to three miles in width. It came near destroying Waretown, and at one time it was advancing directly towards Barnegat, when a change of the wind veered it off to the northeast, where it finally ran its course. At one point between the Stuyvesant estate and Brown's farm on the Lacey road, a check was given in the upland pine woods by "back-firing." But as the fire swept down into the great cedar swamp on Oyster Creek, the brave men who tried a similar experiment there were compelled to fly for their lives, and the device entirely failed.

As the conflagration made its way down into the cedar swamps on Oyster Creek it became more and more terrific. It roared with the noise of many railway trains, and stirred up by its heat a fierce wind that reacted upon and stimulated its force,

and hurled masses of flame like luminous clouds towards the zenith.

The railroad bridge across Oyster Creek was on fire three times, but it was saved. All the other bridges in the track of the fire were destroyed together with a number of yachts and other boats. Before the bay, four miles in width, the conflagration stopped, but stopped so close that plants growing in the water had their tops burned off.

Reports of Wednesday, May 12th, showed that the fire was doing much damage in and around Wheatland, Landisville and the neighborhood of Maurice River, and that it had already caused damage to timber land in the Mount Pleasant district of over \$200,000; and those of the 13th announced a new outbreak between Farmingdale and Squamunk, the partial destruction of Port Republic, and the exhaustion of the fire in the woods along the railroad in telegraphic communication with Manahoe. These destructive fires have not been confined to New Jersey alone, as there have been many serious ones in Northern Pennsylvania and on Long Island.

#### A GREAT PIGEON ROOST.

FOR some weeks past the great pigeon-nesting of Forest County, Pa., has been the scene of extraordinary interest to sportsmen. The nesting covers twenty square miles, and includes myriads upon myriads of pigeons, who are attracted to that locality by the beech-nuts with which the woods abound. This year the birds began to arrive in February, coming in flocks that almost obscured the light of the sun, and filling the forests with a clamor that is described as deafening. At night, according to one account, five square miles of trees were loaded with roosting birds. The fowling begins netting the pigeons while they are forming a roost. The nets resemble common fish-nets, and are usually sixteen feet wide and thirty feet long. They are spread in an open place over which the birds fly while in search of food. The net is set near a covert made of thick hemlock-boughs. It is strung on a rope tied at either end to green hickory saplings bent parallel to the ground. The ground is sprinkled with buckwheat or other grain, and in some cases stool-pigeons are used. Attracted by the motions of the latter, and then by the grain, the flock settles near the trap, which is quickly sprung. Sometimes hundreds of birds will be caught in one netting.

A party of sportsmen from this city who recently visited the nesting, found in the woods some three hundred others equally intent as themselves in shooting and trapping the birds. A participant in the expedition says: "The wet trees were literally loaded with nests. The hens lay close in their homes, and darted out their heads like snakes, watching our movements with evident curiosity. A steady stream of toms was pouring in, laden with food. Their cries were harsh and unpleasant. At the report of a gun the birds arose in a cloud, and circled over the trees, crying with redoubled energy. They settled on branches so thickly that five or six were killed at a shot. Scores of dead birds were found between moss-grown logs and in thickets where they had fluttered and died after being wounded. They were shot by preceding hunting parties. In one spot thirty feet square seven dead birds were counted. On the second night several bushels of dead birds were heaped in camp. Broken eggs, toms and lustrous-necked hens reflected the tints of a glowing camp-fire. The hunters, filled with pork and potatoes and smoking fragrant cigars, sat cross-legged around the cover of a cracker box, immersed in the mysteries of a game of even greater interest than the capture of pigeons. The next day a thousand or more dead birds were shipped by the fowling. The same writer adds that, 'Man is not the only agent in destroying these immense flocks of pigeons. Crows break their eggs and beat out the brains of their young; an army of hawks hangs around the nesting like wolves, and snatches the unwary birds; owls prey among them at night; and destroy untold numbers; twelve years ago a snap of cold weather froze millions of squabs in their nests; vast numbers are drowned in the lakes, and gales and snow-storms break their nests and kill thousands at their roosts. So far as is known, they escape the ravages of pestilence. They are clean and trim birds, and are rarely troubled with vermin. They are strict vegetarians, and never devour a worm nor an insect. They are the sheep of the air. More innocent birds never fluttered a wing; but, like all innocent breathing things, they are a prey to the cruel and the rapacious. Of all their enemies man is the worst; for the hawk, crow and owl raid upon them for sustenance, while man too often kills them in wanton sport.'

#### THE PENNSYLVANIA OIL FIRES.

ON Sunday afternoon, May 24, the explosion of gas in a stove set fire to the house of Justice Cline, at Rixford, a town eleven miles southeast of Bradford, Pa., and the flames immediately communicated to the adjoining buildings, which being light frame structures, the fire spread rapidly, and before its fury was spent eighty buildings were laid in ashes. The list embraces the principal hotels, stores and business places, including the Kendall and Eldred Railroad Depot. A sudden change of the wind drove the flames to the pump station of the United Pipe Lines, which was soon consumed, and thence to the enormous wooden and iron tanks filled with oil. One 9,000 barrel iron tank of McLeod & Morrison and a 25,000 barrel iron tank of the United Pipe Lines at Rixford were destroyed. During the fire, one tank boiled over and set a second 25,000 barrel iron tank of the United Lines in flames. There were two other tanks of similar dimensions belonging to the Tide Water Pipe Line Company at a place a short distance further down the valley, which were in danger. In and around Rixford several derrick-booms, which were also consumed. Several woods fires were reported, which added much to the general alarm, particularly as a high wind prevailed, but a heavy rain on Monday afternoon removed all immediate danger from forest fires. While the heat was too intense to permit a direct attack on the fire, large gangs of men were set at work digging trenches and building dams to divert the course of the running streams of boiling oil. At about noon on Wednesday, May 12th, fire again started in Timberland, at the head of Foster Brook Valley, eight miles from Bradford. That section is thickly studded with derricks and tanks. The wind was blowing a gale, and the fire swept over the ridge, consuming everything like so many reeds. Continuing, the fire swept down Tram Hollow, the prolific portion of the oil field, burning rigs, small tanks and buildings. During the day twelve miles were burned over. The Hollow was thickly lined with rigs and tanks, including several large iron tanks, each with a capacity of 25,000 barrels. The settlements of Oil City, Otto City, Morrisburg and Middleburghville, located in the valley, were speedily reduced to ashes, the inhabitants fleeing for their lives and leaving their all behind.

Duke Centre, the second largest oil town in the district, was threatened with destruction, several houses in the outskirts being burned. In and around Duke Centre are located twenty-one large tanks, and had the fire got in among them the loss would have been almost incalculable. The Bradford Fire Department was sent for, and staid at Duke Centre all night fighting the flames, returning Thursday morning. The fire cut a swath four miles in width, extending through the valley for nine miles. For several hours Duke Centre was enveloped in darkness. The inhabitants all moved out, abandoning the place. The wind changing, the town was saved. On Wednesday and Thursday

fully 350 well and 90,000 barrels of oil were burned. During the seven days ending on the 13th over 350,000 barrels of crude oil had been consumed, including about 700 rigs.

The loss on the oil does not fall on any individual or corporation; but is borne by a general average assessment on all the patrons of the pipe lines.

#### An Island Prison.

ONE of the first problems forced upon the attention of General Melikoff was the providing of fresh facilities for confining the Czar's disaffected subjects. For several years past the prisons of European Russia have been crowded to overflowing, and the same thing is true of Siberia. It appears that the practical mind of the new ruler has already hit upon a satisfactory solution of this problem. He is going to make the prisoners house themselves and feed themselves. They are to till the soil, to raise cattle, and to become a profit to the State instead of a burden; and they are to do all of this on the Island of Saghalien.

For ten years the Government had been unsuccessfully trying to colonize this island. The great difficulty has been to get the prisoners there and to supply them with food and clothing after they got there. Last Summer the experiment was tried for the first time of transporting them by sea in convict ships, and the authorities were so well pleased with the result that the work of colonization is henceforth to be steadily pushed.

At present there are on this island a little more than two thousand prisoners, all condemned to hard labor for long terms. Six hundred of them are employed in the coal mines at the post of Dua, and the rest are making roads and otherwise preparing for the arrival of the newcomers. Besides the post of Dua, there are three more to be established—one in the Valley of the Alexandrovsk, one in that of the Tyrovsk, and the Korsakoff post. This will give three posts in the central part of the island, and one at its southern end. The large farms are to be established at the posts of Alexandrovsk and Tyrovsk. It is said that the Government has already appropriated the money necessary for carrying out these plans.

Saghalien is to have an administration of its own. Besides several companies of soldiers, who will perform guard duty, there will be a surveyor, an agriculturist and an architect to direct and supervise the prisoners at their work. Two surgeons are already on the island. This new scheme of colonization is not popular. The Nihilists don't like it; for, once transported to that distant island, they will be practically cut off from the people among whom they desire to propagate their doctrines. The peasants, who have become accustomed to the terrors of Siberia, are awe-struck at the thought of a long voyage in the dreadful floating prison, over unknown seas, to a rocky island that is further than even far-off Siberia, and that lies by the side of heathen Japan. One point troubles the Government. The chances are that escapes will be more frequent than in Siberia. It is known that a large number of those transported to Saghalien last Summer have already got away.

#### SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

English Scientists have bought the 500-pound fragment of the meteor which fell in Iowa some months ago, for \$6,000.

Remains of Lake Dwellings have been discovered in a peat bog near Milan, and, in a street in Milan, excavations for a house have brought to light what are believed to be vestiges of the old Roman theatre.

A tessellated pavement and walls colored with fresco have been discovered in excavating for a cistern at Chieti. A coin of Tiberius which was found indicates that the building dates from that emperor's reign.

The International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archaeology holds its next meeting at Lisbon, from September 20th to 29th, this year. Several important questions concerning the prehistoric archaeology of Portugal will be discussed. Excursions will be made to several places of archaeological interest.

A Universal Exhibition of prehistoric German anthropology will take place at Berlin in August. All the German States have been invited to join in this exhibition, which will comprise objects chosen from every museum in Germany. Professor Virchow is at the head of the committee appointed to organize the necessary details.

The introduction into this country of the Australian acacia is deprecated by Professor Dwinelle, of the University of California, who says the handsome foliage and sweet flowers of the acacias will prove to be expensive luxuries. Those planted at San Rafael, California, have been nurseries for the breeding of a large white "mealy bug," or "scale," which has spread to orchards and gardens, and is proving a great plague.

Professor Prederick, of the Eate (France) Museum, who discovered a prehistoric cemetery on the slope of the hills overlooking that town, has unearthed in the same vicinity eighty-two tombs—forty-four of them violated, apparently during the Roman period; the rest untouched, with all their pottery and bronzes. The urns are of three periods; some colored black with linear ornamentation; others adorned with circles and wavy lines; others with alternate bands of red and black. The bronze ornaments are also very interesting, and a bronze chest bears three designs, comprising in all seventeen warriors and a priest, seven animals (horses, oxen, stags, birds and a dog), several plants, and a kind of chariot with a man seated in it. The professor considers these the finest prehistoric remains in Italy.

A Prize of \$100 is offered by the Royal College of Physicians, London, for the most valuable essay on hydrophobia. The questions which are thought by the college specially to require investigation are: The origin and history of outbreaks of rabies; the best mode of prevention of rabies; the characteristics of rabies during life, and the anatomical and chemical changes which are associated with the disease in its successive stages, particularly in its commencement; the origin of hydrophobia in man; the chemical and anatomical morbid changes observed in the subjects of the disease, with special reference to those having their seat in the organs of the nervous system, and in the salivary glands; the symptoms of the disease in well observed cases; the diagnosis of the disease in doubtful cases; the efficacy of the various remedies and modes of prevention.

The sums placed at the disposal of the French Minister of Agriculture and Commerce for the purpose of encouraging research and experiments as to the best way of dealing with the phylloxera, amounted, in 1879, to 500,000 francs, and this will be increased during the present year by supplementary grants to 969,750 francs. Of this amount 200,000 francs are devoted to the treatment of diseased vines in the districts specified by the superior commission, while 250,000 francs will be given to doubling the grants voted by the various departmental and municipal bodies. Societies and companies formed for the investigation of the disease will also be assisted by bonuses to the aggregate amount of 300,000 francs. A further sum of 100,000 francs is set aside towards encouraging the propagation of American vine stocks and the distribution of new plants and cuttings. Rewards to the amount of 100,000 francs will be given for furthering microscopic researches, while 50,000 francs are left for dealing with individual cases.

#### PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Mr. Thomas Hughes will visit the United States this Summer.

Mr. Tennynson has been nominated to the Lord Rectorship of Glasgow University.

At the Cabinet meeting May 11th it was announced that the proposed visit of the King of Siam has been postponed.

The Emperor of Russia will not pay his usual visit to Ems, but will go to some other German watering-place during the Summer.

M. Roussin, a well-known member of the Bar, has been elected to the chair in the French Academy made vacant by the death of M. Jules Favre.

LETTERS just received in this city mention that Mme. Gerster-Gardini was at Bologna on the 25th of April. The condition of her health is highly satisfactory; and there is a beautiful little girl.

HON. SANDFORD E. CHURCH, Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York, died suddenly of apoplexy at his residence in Albion, N. Y., on May 14th. He was in the sixty-sixth year of his age.

M. BISCHOFFSHEIM, the well-known Paris banker, a native of Amsterdam, is to be naturalized, without being subjected to the usual formalities, as a compliment for his munificence towards scientific and other objects.

MR. LAWRENCE OLIPHANT is reported to have applied to the Sultan for a grant of the Valley of the Jordan for purposes of colonization on a new and improved model; but his Majesty did not approve the proposal.

M. JEAN BAPTISTE LEON SAY, the new French Ambassador to England, is now fifty-five years old. He is married to the daughter of M. Bertin, principal proprietor of the *Debat*, of which journal M. Say has been an editor.

MISS MARY FLORENCE BERING, said now to be the fiancée of Prince Leopold, of England, is a granddaughter of the first Lord Ashburton by his wife, Miss Bingham, of Philadelphia, who was a daughter of Senator William Bingham.

CLARK MILLS, the sculptor, is seventy years old. Until his fortieth year he was a plasterer, and never had any idea of becoming a sculptor. At the time he undertook his first equestrian statue of Jackson he had never seen the General nor an equestrian statue.

THE Right Hon. Robert Lowe and the Right Hon. E. K. Knatchbull-Hugessen, who were returned to the House of Commons for London University and Sandwich, respectively, have taken leave of their constituencies, preparatory to entering the peerage.

MARIO, once the most charming of tenors, is now a white-haired, white-bearded old man, whose placid expression conveys no suggestion of regret for the lyric triumphs left so far behind. He has fine, dark eyes and fresh complexion, with a little tinge of color on his cheeks, and a quiet and courteous manner.

GOVERNOR HOYT of Pennsylvania has appointed Edgar Puchot, a leading member of the Republican Party in Pike County, Associate Judge, to fill the vacancy caused by the death, on May 10th, of George P. Heller. The Judiciary Board is now composed entirely of Republicans, for the first time in the history of Pike County.

MISS LILY LYTLE MACALESTER, granddaughter of Mr. Charles Macalester, of Philadelphia, has just been married at Rome to Signor Felici Vici, a member of a distinguished old Italian family. The young lady is a recent convert to the Catholic Church, Princess Massimo, the half-sister of the Comte de Chambord, having been her godmother.

ITALY is jealous of the honors that France has recently paid to Verdi. King Humbert has decorated the composer with the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Maurice and Lazarus. A gold medal is being coined in his honor at Naples, and Milan has opened a subscription, which is fast filling up, for the erection of a colossal statue representing the composer in the attitude of an orchestra leader.

On the occasion of the anniversary of the birth of Francis Joseph of Austria, the City of Spalato, Dalmatia, celebrated the reopening of the aqueduct which brings water from Salona to the city, and which was built by the Dalmatian Emperor Diocletian. The curious feature about the affair is that, notwithstanding the sore need of water under which the city has always labored, the aqueduct had never been repaired, and had therefore been unavailable for fourteen centuries.

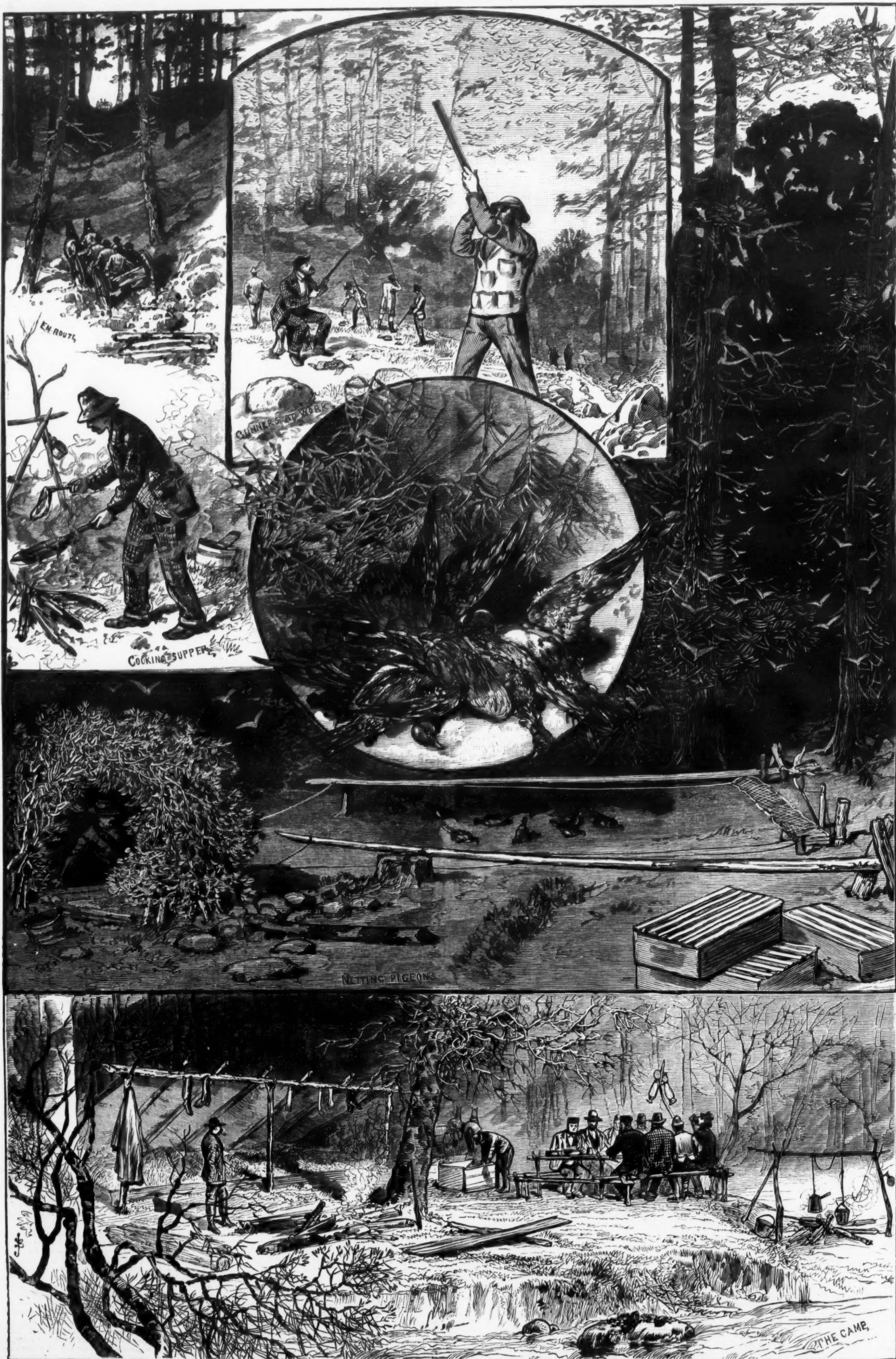
At the funeral service of Wieniawski, at Warsaw, his violin was placed on a cushion of violet velvet at the foot of the bier, and was surrounded with crowns of laurels presented by his brother-artists. Speaking of Wieniawski, it may be stated as a fact known to but a few persons, that when in this country he and Rubenstein had a serious quarrel, and did not exchange a word for many months. They were forced to meet "officially" for rehearsal and performance, but never talked together.

THE German Empire has commissioned Baron Max Maria von Weber, son of the composer, Carl Maria von Weber, to visit the United States this Summer and report upon our system of internal navigation and our cheaper railroads, as the construction of a great system of local railroads and canal and river improvements is contemplated in Germany. Baron Weber was for years manager of the Saxon State railroads, afterwards consulting railroad engineer of the Austrian Government, and latterly has been attached to the Prussian Ministry of Public Works.

It was at the meeting of the Cabinet held in Lord Salisbury's bedroom on the day after his return from Hatfield House, after his long illness, that the question of immediate dissolution was decided. The idea was strenuously opposed by the Premier, the Lord Chancellor and Lord Salisbury, and they stated reasons for their views which turned out to be thoroughly well founded. On the other side they found arrayed against them the Home Secretary, the First Lord of the Admiralty, the War Secretary and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who were no less energetic in declaring their conviction that an immediate dissolution, following on the Liverpool and Southwark elections, would give the Government a new lease of power. The question was then put to the vote, and the Premier found himself in a decided minority.

MR. GLADSTONE's religious opinions are those of the High Church Party, of which he is the most distinguished lay champion. He belongs to what in his remarkable paper on the "Courses of Religious Thought" he calls the Historical School—believing in a divinely established visible church, with a ministry descended in perpetual succession from the apostles, not infallible, but teaching *ex cathedra*, and the repository of the faith, of which the essential articles are contained in the ancient creeds, and shown by the consensus of Christendom. He feels a warm sympathy for the oppressed churches of the East, as well as for the Old Catholics of the Continent. He has always had a sympathy for free thought and free investigation, for the deep piety and devout life exhibited in the Evangelical or Calvinistic denominations have constantly called forth from him expressions of admiration.





PENNSYLVANIA.—INCIDENTS OF A TRIP TO THE REMARKABLE PIGEON-NESTING IN FOREST COUNTY.  
FROM SKETCHES BY CHARLES UPHAM.—SEE PAGE 211.





THE REV. DR. CYRUS D. FOSS, OF MIDDLETOWN, CONN., NEWLY-ELECTED BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

NEW BISHOPS OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

ON Wednesday, May 12th, the Methodist General Conference, in session at Cincinnati, elected four Bishops to fill vacancies caused by death. The new dignitaries of the Methodist Episcopal Church are: The Rev. Henry W. Warren, of Philadelphia; Cyrus D. Foss, D. D., LL.D., President of Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.; John F. Hurst, President of Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, N. J.; and Dr. E. O. Haven, Chancellor of the Syracuse University. The election occupied the entire day and created much local interest.

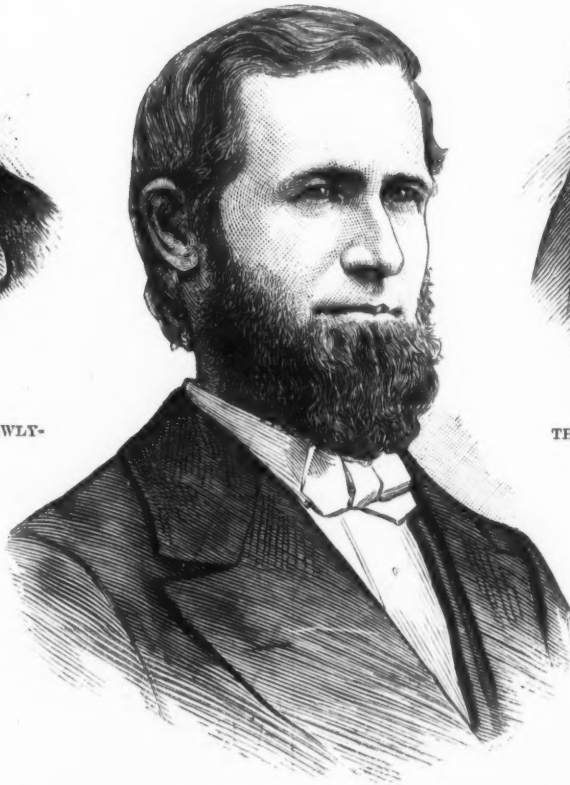
The Rev. Dr. Foss is a native of Kingston, Ulster County, in this State, where he was born, January 17th, 1834. He entered the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn., as a student in 1850, after having pursued a preparatory course of study at Amenia Seminary. He was graduated in 1854, and passed the succeeding three years at Amenia Seminary as Professor and Principal of the preparatory school. On May 6th, 1857, he was received into the New York Conference at Newburg. His first charge was Chester, N. Y., a post which he held with satisfaction to himself and the Society until 1859, when he was transferred to Fleet Street, Brooklyn. After serving the two years allotted by the rules of the Church, he was advanced, in 1861, to Hanson

Place Church, Brooklyn. In 1863-4 he officiated in St. John's Church, Williamsburg; in 1865-7, at St. Paul's, in this city; in 1868-70, at Trinity, in this city; and in 1871-3, a second time at St. Paul's. In 1873 he was appointed to the pastorate of St. James's Church, Harlem; and on July 28th, 1875, he was elected President of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. He was installed in his seat on October 26th of the same year, and has since filled that responsible position with satisfaction to his pupils as well as the trustees. His degrees of Doctor of Divinity, Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts were all conferred upon him by his Alma Mater. He was one of the delegates from this city to the General Conference, held at Brooklyn, at which he received eighty-five votes for Bishop.

The Rev. Dr. John F. Hurst was born near Salem, Md., August 17th, 1834. He pursued a preparatory course of instruction at Cambridge Academy, and was graduated with honors in 1854. After teaching ancient languages for two years at Hedding Institute, New York, he went to Germany, and continued his theological studies at Halle and Heidelberg Universities. Returning to this country in 1858, he entered the Newark Conference, where he continued



THE REV. DR. JOHN F. HURST, OF MADISON, N. J., NEWLY-ELECTED BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH.



THE REV. DR. HENRY W. WARREN, OF PHILADELPHIA, NEWLY-ELECTED BISHOP OF THE M. E. CHURCH.

for some time in the itinerant work. He was next appointed Principal of the Theological Department of the Mission Institute of the Methodist Church in Bremen, where he remained for three years. He was appointed Professor of Historical Theology in the Drew Theological Institute, in Madison, N. J., and was elevated to the Presidency of the Institute in 1873. He is a distinguished writer, and the author of many theological works.

The Rev. Henry W. Warren is a native of Massachusetts, and was graduated at Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn., in 1853. For two years after being graduated Dr. Warren taught the ancient languages at Wilbraham Seminary, and in 1855 he joined the New England Conference, filling the pulpits of various churches. The Massachusetts State Senate appointed him to preach the election sermon in 1864. In 1871 he became a member of the Philadelphia Conference, and was assigned to the Arch Street Church. He was transferred to the New York East Conference in 1874, and remained there three years. Then he returned to the Philadelphia Conference, and resumed the pulpit of the Arch Street Church. Dr. Warren has traveled extensively in Europe and the East. He has written many prominent articles for the Church periodicals, and is the author of a popular work called "Sights and Insights," and a treatise on astronomy. He is highly esteemed in Philadelphia.



PENNSYLVANIA.—THE OIL FIRES IN THE PETROLEUM REGION—BUILDING BARRIERS TO CHECK THE SPREAD OF THE FLAMES.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. WILSON.—SEE PAGE 211.



The Rev. Dr. E. O. Haven is Chancellor of the Syracuse University. He was born in Boston, November 1st, 1820, and is a graduate of the Wesleyan University, at Middletown, Conn. He held a professor's chair at Amherst Seminary for two years, when he accepted a position in the University of Michigan. While there he was Professor of Latin and of Rhetoric and English Literature for two years. He became the editor of *Zion's Herald*, in Boston, in 1856, and left it in 1863 to become President of the University of Michigan. He resigned that office to accept a similar position in the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., in 1869, and remained there for three years. In 1870 he was elected Chancellor of the Syracuse University. He is also Secretary of the Board of Education of the Methodist Church. Dr. Haven has been a member of five General Conferences. He is the author of several works, chief among them being Haven's "Rhetoric." As a preacher and lecturer he is able and eloquent.

## FUN.

TEACHER (to pupil).—"How old are you?" Pupil—"Six years." Teacher—"When were you six years old?" Pupil—"On my birthday."

WHEN a man's wife comes in and sees him razor in hand and with his face all lather, and asks him, "Are you shaving?" It's a provoking thing in him to answer, "No; I'm blacking the stove."

TALK about the sincerity of poets! Tennyson thinks there is nothing so good as American navy plug tobacco, and yet he writes his poems about modest violets and blushing roses. When has he ever hauled out an ode to navy plug?

"My boys," said a kind Old City teacher, "If you would be President of the United States you must be good and studious." "Who wants to be President?" yelled out a young chap from a back seat. "I'd rather be Buffier Bill, and shoot an Injun." And the boys all chorused: "Them's our sentiments."

A POOR fellow up-town fairly danced with joy when the doctor told him he had Bright's disease. "What will the Smith girl say now?" he exclaimed triumphantly. "She always said there was nothing bright about me! Oh, I guess not; but the doctor's certificate will show what kind of a hair-pin I am."

A TEACHER, trying to impress on the youthful mind the sinfulness of not speaking the truth, asked him if he did not tell him in Sunday-school where bad boys went to who told falsehoods. Choking with sobe, he said: "Yes, marm; it's a place where there is a fire, but I don't remember the name of the town."

SCENE: A Country Road. Squire (who is a candidate for the representation in Parliament of his county): "Well, John, and what do you think of my chances for a seat in Parliament?" John (a canny-going countryman): "Well, Squire, a really dandy like to say, but ain't ye've pit a stratch question, an' a'm thinkin' a should bid add an honest answer, a'm thinking you should staun as lang as ye can, for a doot if ye'll ever sit."

IN a house occupied by two families, in this city, there recently died an old gentleman. As the time for the funeral approached, the widow of the deceased applied to her neighbor occupant for the use of a large front room for funeral purposes. The gentleman appealed to hesitated slightly but quickly assented when his thirteen-year-old daughter spoke and said: "Father, what's the odds, as long as the neighbors furnish the corpse?"

"Oh, indeed, it is a very busy time with us," said charming Miss Fitzjoy. "There are a great many services to attend, and then we have so much shopping to do just now." "Pardon me, but is not this the season of humiliation?" "Why, certainly, John, you darling; but you see if we should fail to come out on Easter in the new styles, the season of humiliation you speak of would continue longer and be much more dreadful."

AN agent of an accident insurance company entered a smoking-car on a Western railroad train a few days ago, and approaching an exceedingly gruff old man, asked him if he did not want to take out a policy. He was told to get out with his policy, and passed on. A few minutes afterwards an accident occurred to the train, causing a fearful shaking of the cars. The old man jumped up, and seizing a hook at the side of the car to steady himself, called out, "Where is that insurance man?"

M. BERTRAND, the director of the Paris Varieties Theatre, was once considerably bothered by a young author, who insisted on reading a play to him. Pushed at last into a corner, Bertrand appoints a day, and the young man presents himself. "Read away, my friend," he says, in his kindest manner. The young man begins in a trembling voice. "Stop," says Bertrand, "you shiver; are you cold?" Glad of an excuse to cover his timidity, the trembling author confesses that he is cold. Bertrand rings the bell. "Madeline," he says, to the servant, "put a few rays into the fire." Madeline goes to a big chest and brings out an armful of manuscripts which she tumbles into the grate. Bertrand's kindness was warm, but scarcely encouraging.

SCENE FROM A POLICE COURT IN SACRAMENTO: The Judge—"Bill Sheots, you are charged with burglary. Are you guilty?" "Sure, yer 'onor, an' if it's goolthly I am, do yez think I be afther tellin' yez ov it? I pleads not goolthly," was the response of Bill. "All right," said the Judge, and turning to one of the most eminent members of the bar, said: "You will please act as counsel for the defendant." At this the prisoner turned and calmly surveyed the placid countenance of his champion, and then addressed the Court as follows: "Sure, an' if it's that yez afther givin' me fur a loyer, I pleads goolthly, an' be done with it at once." Then as he turned and pointed to the robust form of a youthful member of the bar, he continued: "But if yez'll give me him, as what is a foine loyer, I'll plade not goolthly." The prisoner was allowed his choice of counsel.

## LOOK AT THE EVIDENCE.

A RETIRED physician in the State of New York says: "I have read with care your Brochure and many of the cases given and treated by the 'Compound Oxygen Treatment,' and freely say the testimony from so many persons of reputation and character, and your reasonings and facts, ought to influence the most incredulous to take the treatment—in such cases, at least, as have baffled long perseverance and skill." Brochure sent free. Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1112 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A CAPITAL anecdote is told of a little fellow who in turning over the leaves of a scrap-book came across the well-known picture of some chickens just out of their shell. "My companion examined the picture carefully, and then with a grave, sagacious look at me, slowly remarked, 'They came out 'cos they was afraid of being boiled.'"

## CATARRH SOMETIMES

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## AMERICAN MANUFACTURES IN AUSTRALIA.

[From the Report of Judges at the Sydney International Exposition, 1879-1880.]

IN the examination of scales exhibited, the jury find as follows:

Messrs. FAIRBANKS & Co., New York and London, are adjudged to have exhibited the largest and most complete assortment of scales for all purposes, from heavy truck scales to the delicate chemist's scales, shown at the Exhibition. We find the same uniformity of skillful manufacture in all their scales and the same sensibility of balance. The most severe tests to the qualities of the materials employed prove the uniformity and excellence of the same in every part. The variety of manufacture and modification of form and adaptability of the scales of this firm exceed all others combined exhibited, all the designs being original with the firm. They show over thirty patents for improvements made in the manufacture since the establishment of the factory. The levers being all in a direct line and free from torsion, with a simple beam combination, make them less liable to error than any scale we examined. By a new process of surface carbonization the pivots and bearings, made from the toughest Bessemer steel, are rendered hard as agate without destroying to any appreciable extent their tensile strength, and by scientific and practically tested distribution of weight and strength the scales are lighter than any other of equal capacity. The system of suspending the weighbridge platforms on swivels, with corner lockings, is specially to be commended, as there can be no unequal settling or strain upon the levers, and the transmission of the strain in a vertical line prevents any cramp of the levers. By the system of levers shown there is practically no limit to the modification of forms of platforms and adaptability to every conceivable want, of which there are already over 800 modifications now in use, including the balance and trip scales. The different parts being made by machinery and first tested to standard gauge, are all interchangeable, the beam of any ten-ton scale being equally serviceable for any other scales of the same capacity. Check rods are used on all platform scales the same as corner lockings upon the weighbridges, which prevents any oscillation upon the knife edges of the pivots, which must necessarily greatly increase the longevity of the scale and preserve the sensibility of the balance.

In view of the many practical advantages which this scale possesses over any and all exhibited, and as a collective exhibit, showing the perfection now arrived at by the genius of one family, your jury recommend a special distinctive diploma of merit to Messrs. Fairbanks, in addition to what would be simply a first-class award.

[Signed] J. M. SMITH, Judges.  
F. E. BOUND, Class 309.  
E. BECKMAN, Class 309.  
G. P. HARTE.]

## Scales Examined.

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HOWE SCALE CO., Rutland, Vt., U. S. A.  
W. & T. AVERY, Birmingham, England.  
MONS. COLLOT, Paris.  
MONS. GROSSIN, Mondon, France.  
RENOUARD D'ADVIN, Paris.  
G. F. SHURLIN, Liege.  
H. POOLEY & SON, Liverpool and London.

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JOHN Y. SIMPSON, M.D., of Monterey, Iowa, said: "The Acid has—to use the lady's own expression, to whom it was given as a Nerve Tonic—made me a new nervous system."

A VALUABLE volume, entitled "Graded Selections for Memorizing, Adapted for Use at Home and in School," has just been issued by Van Antwerp, Bragg & Co., of Cincinnati. The book appears to have been suggested by the success of the method of memorizing choice thoughts from our best authors which is pursued in the Cincinnati public schools, and which has exerted a powerful influence for good upon the pupils. The volume contains extracts from more than 100 standard authors in English literature, and these are so graded as to suit the capacity of children anywhere from six to thirteen years of age. The book will no doubt command a wide sale.

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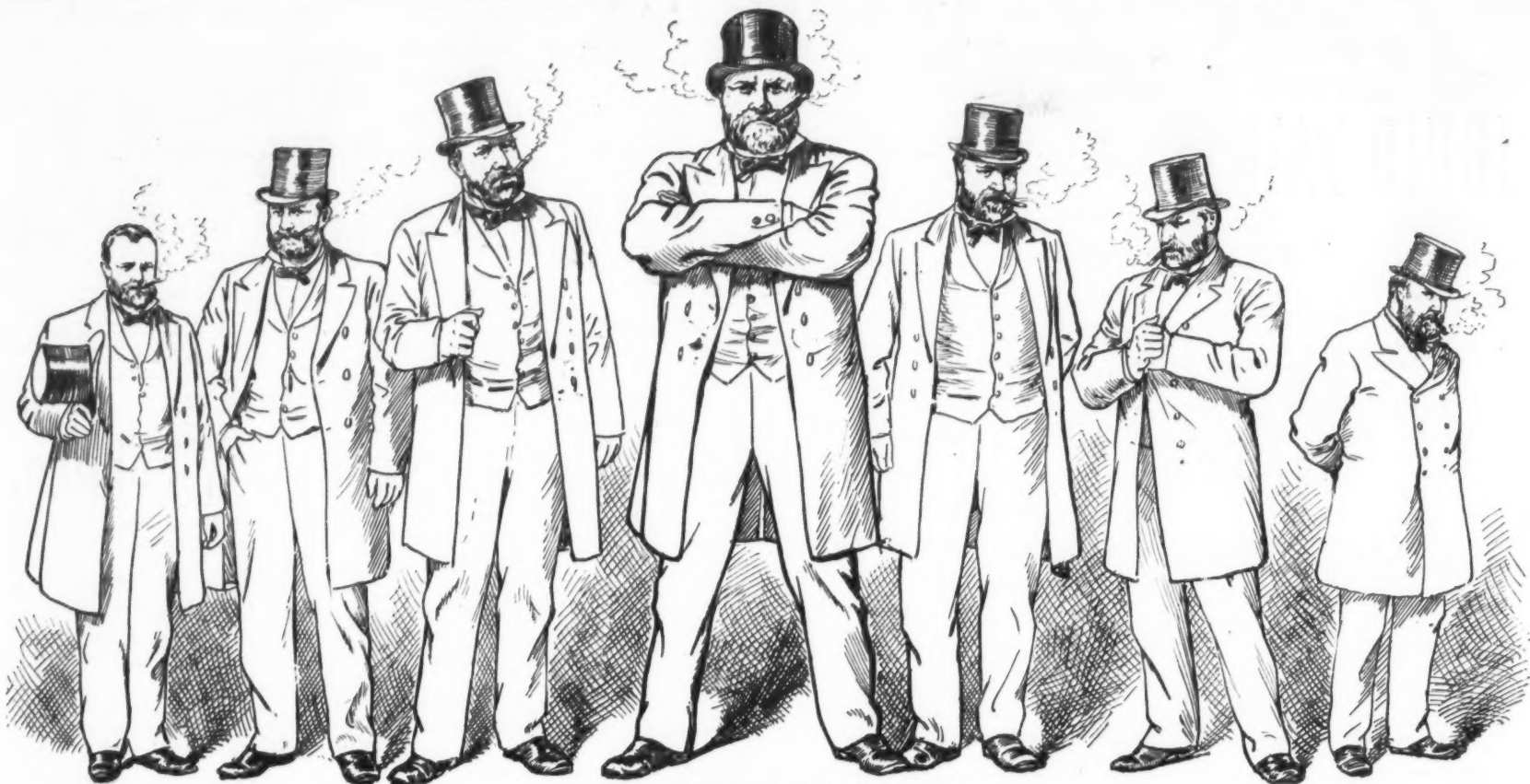
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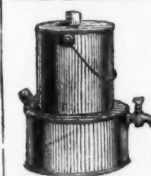
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